

SPECIAL  REPORT

JANUARY 11, 1984

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TIME

OLYMPIC DREAMS

America's Quest for Gold



Phil Mahre



Tamara McKinney

SUPERPOWER STRAINS
Harsh Words in
Stockholm



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A Letter from the Publisher

It has been clear for some time that regardless of wars or celebrities, 1984 will be a remarkable news year for Americans. Presidential politics will dominate the scene. The long countdown to the November elections is already well begun as the race to become Ronald Reagan's Democratic challenger fills columns of print and hours on the air waves. The summertime conventions seem only a blink away. But July will bring another memorable event: the XXIII Olympiad, the largest Olympic Games ever organized and the first Summer Games held in the U.S. in 52 years. And almost as a prelude comes the first spectacular, the Winter Olympics in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia. There the U.S. is thrusting into competition its most balanced and impressive team ever, one that stars the 1983 world's top-ranked man and woman skiers as well as America's ever formidable skaters.

How should TIME react to such a richness of events? The magazine's answer: a "bonus" for TIME's readers of up to 100 color-filled extra pages of editorial content specifically directed to 1984's very special demands. With these additional capabilities, which will cost nearly \$2 million, TIME will be taking an unprecedented step toward giving its readers the dramatic detail and pictorial splendor that are a vital part of the events that

define our interests and shape our times. TIME's new bonus approach to big news will be used for two Winter Olympics issues, three during the Summer Olympics and two for the political conventions, as well as for any surprise major news event.

TIME begins its bonus coverage this week with a special report on the Winter Olympics, a 24-page section—more than double the length of the average TIME cover—on the men and women who will compete for the U.S. in the first Olympics of 1984.

This week's special section was put together by TIME's own Winter Olympics team, 31 editors, writers, photographers, correspondents and reporter-researchers. Among them is Atlanta Correspondent B.J. Phillips, who has been with U.S. figure skaters and will follow them to Yugoslavia. The person working on the project longest is Eastern Europe Bureau Chief John Moody, who has been observing preparations in Sarajevo for months, and is now ensconced there in one of the rooms that will accommodate TIME's team at the Pension Bob, an aptly named hotel near the Olympic bobsled run. Says Moody: "I'm beginning to feel as much a host here as the natives, saying welcome to newcomers and feeling very much at home." A lot of excited newcomers are on the way to see him.



Moody and Yugoslav luge team member

John A. Meyer

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Cover: Photograph by Neil Leifer



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Cover: For the XIV Winter Olympics in Sarajevo, the U.S. is sending an uncommonly strong team led by seven current or recent world champions, including Skiers Phil Mahre and Tamara McKinney. See SPECIAL REPORT.



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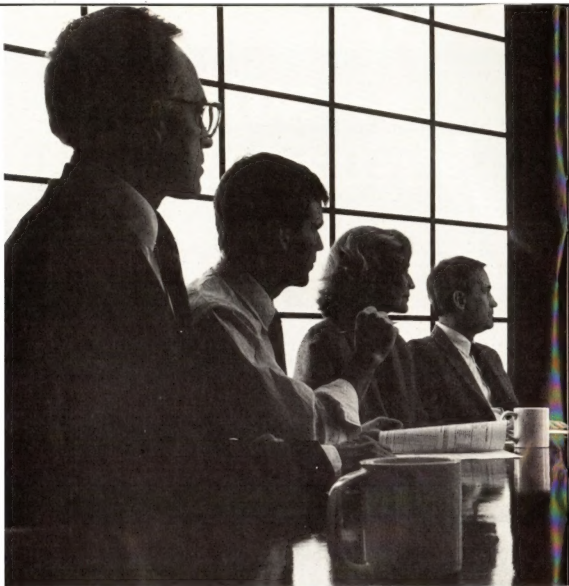
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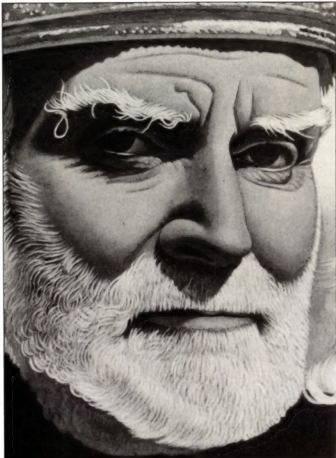
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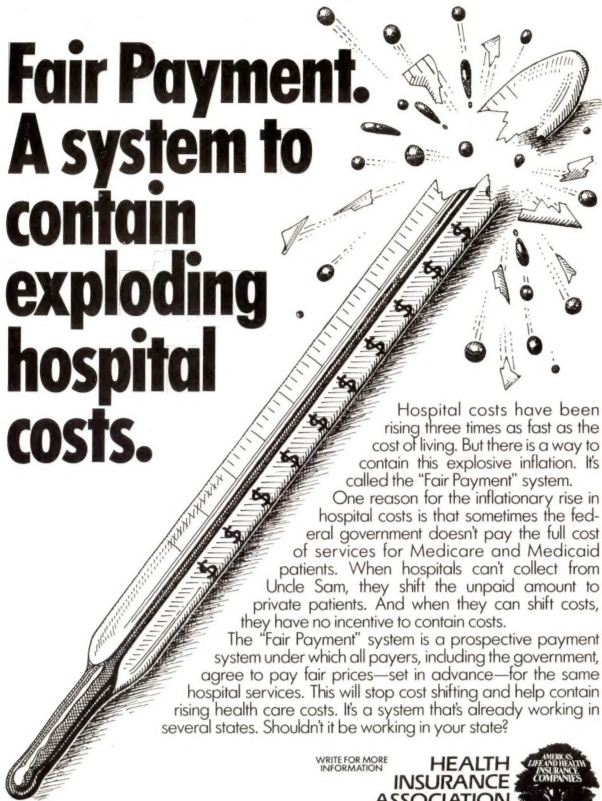
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Fair Payment. A system to contain exploding hospital costs.



Hospital costs have been rising three times as fast as the cost of living. But there is a way to contain this explosive inflation. It's called the "Fair Payment" system.

One reason for the inflationary rise in hospital costs is that sometimes the federal government doesn't pay the full cost of services for Medicare and Medicaid patients. When hospitals can't collect from Uncle Sam, they shift the unpaid amount to private patients. And when they can shift costs, they have no incentive to contain costs.

The "Fair Payment" system is a prospective payment system under which all payers, including the government, agree to pay fair prices—set in advance—for the same hospital services. This will stop cost shifting and help contain rising health care costs. It's a system that's already working in several states. Shouldn't it be working in your state?

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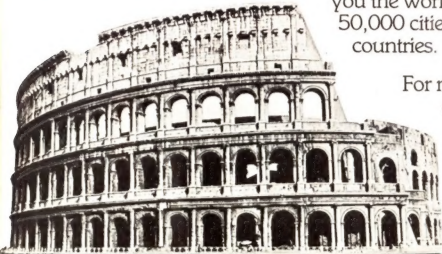
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Letters

Pope Forgives

To the Editors:

Pope John Paul II's prison visit with his would-be assassin [Jan. 9] demonstrates that the ability to forgive is a rare gift. But as the Pontiff has shown, it is possible. As a result, there is hope in this mad world.

Deborah Voss
Chicago

The complexity of forgiveness involves the healing of the forgiver as well as the forgiven. By pardoning Mehmet Ali Agca, the Pope helped mend his own rent feelings. To this extent, forgiveness is both selfish and magnanimous.

James R. Heinrich
New Castle, Pa.



Robert Frost was right: "To be social is to be forgiving." Your story analyzed the subject of forgiveness with amazing depth and managed to relate ethics, politics and theology in a coherent way.

Donald W. Shriver Jr., President
Union Theological Seminary
New York City

To the Christian heart, forgiveness should be easy and logical because hate is a greater burden.

Nick Psoras
West Chester, Pa.

Your examination of the papal visit to Agca catches precisely the cosmic dimension of the Pope's forgiving act. When all the Caesar-vs.-God distinctions have been made, when all the private morality-vs.-public policy nuances have been noted, the fundamental truth remains. Plato put it well when he described the state as "man writ large."

William F. Reilly, Associate Professor
Manhattan College
New York City

The courage of Pope John Paul II is clearly a source of admiration and inspiration. It should be remembered, though,

that the same hands that embraced the repentant Mehmet Ali Agca also shook the hand of Yasser Arafat, an unrepentant, notorious murderer. For totally different reasons, both meetings cause deep astonishment and surprise.

Moshe Kam
Philadelphia

The Holy Father has given the world, which is so hungry for peace, a personal example of the first step: forgiveness from the heart.

(The Rev.) Maurice Chase
Loyola Marymount University
Los Angeles

The Pope can afford to forgive his would-be assassin. That is his right as an individual. His action is also a manifesto for his flock. But do not tell me that those who endured the Nazi furor are supposed to follow the papal example and forgive the mass killings. The victims' ashes and bones, scattered in graves unmarked by a cross or David's star, would be desecrated by such a gesture.

Vera Laska
Weston, Mass.

John Paul's action is as shocking today as was Christ's nearly 2,000 years ago. The moral philosophy of Jesus reached beyond tribalistic notions of justice and truth based on retribution and pointed toward a more encompassing vision of humanity. The Pope once again has provided a glimpse of that possibility.

Alan M. Olson, Professor
Department of Religion, Boston University
Boston

That the Pope should forgive is hardly surprising. That his session with his would-be murderer should be broadcast is a tribute to his showmanship. But it takes two for a meeting. How was an Islamic fanatic turned into a well-behaved young man eager to shake hands with his victim? Brainwashing? A diet of carrots? Conversion? I would like to know what made Agca change his mind.

Alfred Max
Les Loges en Josas, France

Seeing the Pope clasp in forgiveness the hand that once tried to kill him makes it easier for us to take the hand of a business rival, a too-loud neighbor, an ex-friend or an estranged spouse.

(The Rev.) John T. Myler
Belleville, Ill.

Forgiving is the Pope's job.

Fred Lyle
Santa Monica, Calif.

Farewell UNESCO

I am deeply concerned by the Reagan Administration's decision to leave UNESCO [Jan. 9]. The United Nations and its agencies offer a forum for world dialogue. If the

U.S. is unhappy with the way things are going, it should use diplomatic procedures to bring UNESCO to a more balanced viewpoint. By pulling out, we leave the organization to those with whom we disagree.

Lloyd Trufelman
New York City

The U.S. has already tried to improve UNESCO from within. The threat of a U.S. withdrawal is our only alternative and might spur UNESCO into reforming its leftist and nepotistic ways.

William H. Herrmann
New Rochelle, N.Y.

I do not understand how anyone who believes in the freedom of the press could advocate membership in UNESCO.

Paul Theodore Owens
Needham, Mass.

There is absolutely no reason for the U.S. to finance a group like UNESCO, whose policies not only fail to improve the world's standard of living but could also be destructive to the U.S.

George A. Bleyer
St. Augustine Shores, Fla.

Our withdrawal from UNESCO is reminiscent of the sandlot-baseball chant: "If I can't pitch, I won't play!"

William Stanley
Buellton, Calif.

Teller's Position

The letter from me [Jan. 9] concerning the Administration's plan to develop space weapons omitted the point I was trying to make and instead implied the reverse. My position is: TIME has consistently misrepresented President Reagan's proposal, which emphasizes protective rather than retaliatory defense. I support the Administration's position. I do not support the idea of space-based battle stations, and I know of only one private group that does.

Edward Teller
Hoover Institution
Stanford, Calif.

Third Party

In your Essay "What Ever Became of the American Center?" [Dec. 19], you lament the death of the American center. Although you despair of both Democrats and Republicans, you offer the bleak observation that "third parties in America gravitate not only to extremes but to irrelevance. (John Anderson's upcoming presidential campaign will undoubtedly confirm both tendencies.)"

In a country renowned for its diversity and pluralism, it is remarkable that we cling to the notion that there is an essential duality on complex political, economic and social issues. We dismiss out of hand the idea of a strong, viable third party. Yet a new group capable of attracting

progressive elements from both the Democrats and the Republicans could launch a political reformation that would truly address our problems.

A new political party must undertake the difficult task of espousing new ideas that may initially be unpopular or misunderstood. We need a new level of thinking above and beyond the constraints offered by the two-party system. The old "liberal internationalism" has been interred because it does not face the realities of a nuclear age. In our time the concept of balance of power dooms us to living in a narrow channel with the superpowers poised for confrontation on the shores.

*John B. Anderson
National Unity Committee
Washington, D.C.*

Suing for Suicide

I was stunned to read about the man who jumped in front of a subway car in a suicide attempt and then collected a \$650,000 award for his efforts (Jan. 9). This story illustrates once again the sham our legal system has become. Any sane juror would have made no award and instead would have held the plaintiff's family and attorney responsible for all legal and court costs.

*Stephen J. Loshen
Meadowbrook, Pa.*

It is sickening to see how well-intentioned laws are twisted to the point of idiocy. I am surprised the jury did not award thousands to the driver of the subway train for his mental anguish.

*Fred Tye
Evanston, Ill.*

Disturbed Daddies

I take exception to the title of your article "Daddy's Disturbed Little Girl" (Jan. 2), which discusses the TV show about incest. Incest victims are just that, victims. Put the blame where it belongs: on Disturbed Little Dad and his ever so silent partner, Disturbed Little Mom.

*Jan Olson
Van Nuys, Calif.*

Hidden Meanings

Your Essay on euphemisms (Jan. 9) mainly took to task government officials who deal in doubletalk. But now even veterinarians are getting into the act. NEUTER IS NEATER said the poster in the vet's office. Neuter merely means negative, whereas castration implies something final. We decided that we would have our dog neutered.

*Tom Gill
Columbia, Md.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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TIME/JANUARY 30, 1984

Reagan Gets Ready

With the campaign looming, the President unveils his plans for 1984

Pace through strength. Economic growth without inflation. A return to old-fashioned values. And no bold proposals that might give voters any doubts about keeping Ronald Reagan in the White House for four more years.

The President, of course, will not phrase his State of the Union speech in quite such baldly political terms. But when he steps before a joint session of Congress and national-TV cameras Wednesday night, Reagan is expected to sound the themes he will be repeating throughout the 1984 campaign. His official announcement of his own political plans is scheduled for Sunday night, and Reagan still refuses to confirm publicly what all his aides assume to be as sure as sunrise: he will run for re-election. In any case, the address was drafted, primarily by Reagan, as a political document.

One result is that the speech may be as notable for what it does not say as for what it does. At most, Reagan will announce only cosmetic steps to reduce the federal deficit, now estimated at roughly \$185 billion for the 1985 fiscal year. He has ruled out pressing for deep cuts in spending this year: that would only rile voters to no avail, since Congress would reject the cuts anyway. The President also has decided against any significant tax increase this year, and might pledge publicly to oppose any boosts. But he also might calculate that such a vow, while it obviously has political appeal, could backfire if it calls attention to his lack of alternative strategies for stemming the red ink.

Indeed, just about the only headline-catching initiative in the State of the Union speech will be a proposal to put into orbit a permanent space station filled by rotating crews of astronauts. Otherwise, said one speech drafter, "this is not going to be a litany of new programs or a listing of everything that's going on department by department. We told the Cabinet to forget it." Instead, a draft that Reagan sent back to his aides last week, after personally rewriting two-thirds of it, stressed his accomplishments and hopes for the future. One aide summarized it this way: "The President will say, in effect, 'I said in 1980 that we needed a new beginning. We've made it, but more must be done.'" Specifically, Reagan planned to hit on these themes:

Foreign Policy. The President is set to contend that his military buildup has strengthened the U.S. to the point that it can, with safety, search more actively for accommodations with the Soviet Union. Reagan tried out this new line in a speech last week, softening his rhetoric notably to appeal for a "working relationship" with Moscow. But while campaigning as a peacemaker, Reagan will probably insist that he needs every penny of the 17% increase in military spending that he will request for fiscal 1985.

The Economy. The President intends to dwell at length, and with pride, on the vig-

or of the recovery from the 1981-82 recession. He will note that unemployment in 1983 fell faster than at any other time since the Korean War, that national production rose about one-third higher than the Administration's own forecast had envisioned, and that the inflation rate was the lowest in a decade. Those accomplishments, he will conclude, set the stage for a long period of noninflationary growth; the Administration is currently predicting 4% a year for the foreseeable future.

Social Issues. As in the 1980 campaign, Reagan plans to present himself as a champion of family virtues. Whether he



Pondering the State of the Union: Reagan in the White House Oval Office late last week

Photograph for TIME by David Hume Kennerly

will bring up in the State of the Union the right-wing agenda of school prayer, anti-abortion legislation and tuition tax credits was uncertain at week's end, but if he does not, he will probably pitch for it in the campaign. Said one top adviser who has no doubts about the President's candidacy: "He is already talking about pressing the social issues more in the second term than he did in the first."

The bad news will follow the State of the Union speech by only seven days. On Feb. 1, Reagan will send his budget to Congress. It will not only show a fiscal-1985 deficit barely below the record \$195 billion in 1983, but estimate that the red ink will still be flowing at a rate of about \$150 billion a year by the end of the decade. Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Martin Feldstein asserted last week that the Administration's rosy forecasts of economic growth would be "appropriate" only if the deficits are sharply reduced.

But any serious White House attack on budget shortfalls will wait until after the election. In the State of the Union address, Reagan intends to repeat his long-held view that deficits must eventually be cut by drastic reductions in Government spending. In the budget, however, he will



Indiscreet again: OMB Director Stockman



For more taxes: Economic Adviser Feldstein

propose only minor changes that net out to a reduction in planned outlays of a piddling \$4 billion, or less than two-thirds of 1% of nonmilitary spending. Among other things, the Administration has dropped a proposal to make Medicare patients pay more of the early costs of hospitalization in return for Government assumption of all bills after the 60th day. It saw no point in risking the wrath of elderly voters by putting forward a plan that Congress would probably reject.

In debates within the Administration over the speech draft, Feldstein, Office of Management and Budget Director David Stockman and Secretary of Commerce Malcolm Baldrige contended that Reagan should at least renew a proposal he made reluctantly last year for a three-year, \$50 billion tax increase, conditional on congressional approval of deep spending cuts and a string of other "ifs." But Reagan's philosophical convictions make him loath to propose any tax increase any time, and his political sensibilities make him doubly loath to do such a thing in an election year. At one point, aides inserted in a State of the Union draft a plan to appoint a bipartisan commission to make recommendations on how to attack the deficits. But Reagan is leaning against that idea, essentially because he sees no political mileage in it.

Frustration over such defeats drove Stockman to the brink of insubordination. In an interview in FORTUNE, he castigated "dreamers, including some in the Administration," who think the deficit can be sharply reduced by spending cuts. He derided the idea that "there are vast pockets of fraud, waste and abuse out there" that could be eliminated painlessly. The clear implication was that taxes must be raised. Though his comments were reminiscent of those he made to the *Atlantic* in 1981, which sent him to Reagan's "woodshed" and nearly cost him his job, the Administration this time shrugged off Stockman's views. Said one Cabinet member: "You don't pay much attention to com-

ments from the losing locker room."

Reagan will be taking much heavier flak from Congress, which is also preoccupied by the campaign. On foreign policy, the President may be hard pressed to head off a Senate Foreign Relations Committee resolution that would call for removal of the Marines from Lebanon as early as Feb. 25. The legislators are also certain to reduce the President's military-spending requests.

The deficit will be another focus of controversy, and not all of it will be partisan. Kansas Republican Robert Dole, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, is planning to bring up again a plan to cut the deficit by \$150 billion over three years through a combination of less military spending, slower growth in entitlement programs such as Social Security and Medicare, and major tax increases. In the Democratic-controlled House, Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski is willing to support a bill for a tax boost "as high as we can get it."

The prospects are, however, that such ambitious congressional efforts will produce little but loud wrangling; they cannot pass without Reagan's support. Says Senate Democratic Leader Robert Byrd of West Virginia: "The President is the one man who can get to the people and explain the need for what is required. He simply won't do that." Indeed, there is some talk in Congress of passing the bare minimum of legislation needed to keep the Government running, then adjourning before the political conventions. That way, lawmakers could spend most of the summer and fall trying to get themselves re-elected. Whatever comes of that idea, it underscores the main point of this year's prospects. Formally, the White House and Congress this week will be solemnly contemplating the State of the Union. Unofficially, but unmistakably, they will be contemplating even more solemnly the state of politics.

—By George J. Church,
Reported by David Beckwith and Douglas Brew/
Washington





The front runner grins at a press conference in Indiana



Rival John Glenn holds up a high school sweatshirt in Vermont

Now the Real Debate Begins

Mondale survives at Dartmouth, but the pack is still baying



The debate itself lasted three hours. The debate over who won still rages. No sooner had the eight candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination stopped vying for the attention of TV Talk Show Host Phil Donahue, waving their arms like excited schoolchildren, than their camp followers began vying for the attention of the press to declare victory.

"Spectacular!" crowed James Johnson, Walter Mondale's acting campaign chairman, relieved that the front runner had not fallen. "It makes Gary Hart the emerging dark-horse candidate," declared his deputy campaign manager, David Landau. The debate transformed Jesse Jackson from "black candidate" to "national candidate," claimed Jackson's national-issues coordinator, Frank Watkins. John Glenn's organization quickly turned the adulatory reactions of six New Hampshire voters into a radio ad. A little too quickly: the voters' reactions had been taped before the debate. The ad had to be pulled off the air and redone.

Actually, there was no clear winner or loser—unless, as some leading Democrats lamented, it was President Reagan. The debate, sponsored by the House Democratic Caucus, was held on the snow-covered

New Hampshire campus of Dartmouth College. For the first 1½ hours, all the candidates responded to the evenhanded questioning of ABC Newsman Ted Koppel (see PRESS) with measured campaign statements. In the second 1½ hours, most were goaded into sharper exchanges by Donahue, who hopped about with his microphone soliciting questions from the audience and throwing in some zingers of his own.

For the candidates, many of whom have been laboring in relative obscurity, the debate was an opportunity to define their appeals before a public-television audience of perhaps 10 million. It also gave the pack a chance to test Front Runner Mondale. The most dramatic challenge came at the 2½-hour mark, when Glenn took to the attack. As Mondale explained how he was going to cut the federal budget deficit, Glenn interjected that Mondale was spouting "the same vague gobbledegook of nothing." Waving his fist, Glenn protested, "There wasn't a single figure attached to that . . ."

"Hold it," interrupted Mondale. Glenn charged ahead: "Let me finish. I'm disgusted and tired of all the vague promises." Now Mondale got worked up. "Point of personal privilege!" he shouted. But Glenn would not yield; he blamed the Carter Administration for its "21% inter-

est rates" and declared, "That's why we lost the White House." Shot back Mondale: "There's just been about a six-minute speech, all of it baloney."

Mondale had resisted a wide-open debate precisely because he worried about such a confrontation. But most observers agreed that he did not suffer any serious wounds. Said fellow Candidate George McGovern: "It's clear that Mondale gained more than anyone else from the debate by not being hurt during it. As the front runner going in, all he had to do was not make any mistakes, and he didn't."

At moments, though, Mondale sounded more petulant than presidential. Several times, his challengers scored solid debating points. The former Vice President has built his early edge partly by handing out *tos* to Democratic constituencies like labor, minority groups and Jewish organizations. "Fritz, you cannot lead this country if you have promised everybody everything," chided Hart. Mondale lamely replied, "America is nothing if it isn't promises." When Reubin Askew attacked Mondale's support of protectionist legislation that would require that cars sold in the U.S. contain a high percentage of U.S. labor and parts, Mondale huffed, "It's about time someone stood up for the American worker." Fired back Askew: "What about the American consumer?"

While Glenn managed to show flashes of fire and a grasp of issues, few Democrats thought that he gained at Mondale's expense. Some Democrats felt Glenn hurt himself—and the party—by

pinning the blame for high deficits on Jimmy Carter as well as Ronald Reagan. Said a Western Governor: "He hasn't shown that he has the makings of a good politician." Glenn's aides countered that the exchange with Mondale made their candidate look "forceful."

The Glenn campaign was jolted at midweek, when a Washington *Post*-ABC News national poll found that Glenn "apparently did himself the least good" in the debate. Among voters who watched, Glenn trailed Mondale 49% to 5%, compared with 51% to 16% among those not watching. Furious, Glenn's camp argued that the polling sample (including only 160 registered or likely Democrats in New Hampshire) was far too small to be meaningful, a point with which most polling analysts agreed. Glenn campaign aides have been telling reporters that the Gallup poll was the most reliable measuring stick of their man's strength. By coincidence, the very next day Gallup announced results of a poll conducted mainly before the debate; it showed Mondale a whopping 31 points ahead, 47% to 16%.

The candidates behind Mondale and Glenn had little to lose in the debate. Two-thirds of the voters polled by the *Post* beforehand said they did not know enough about Hart, Askew, Alan Cranston or Ernest Hollings to have an opinion. The skirmish in Hanover gave the second-tier candidates a chance to shape opinion—with mixed results.

► Hart appeared to benefit. Said Landau: "Our volume of telephone calls has skyrocketed." Hart's staff was the only one to urge New Hampshire residents to watch a repeat airing of the debate last Wednesday. Citing private polls, Hart's aides claim that voters would like a fresh alternative to the front runners. With Glenn apparently slipping, Hart smells a chance to become Mondale's principal challenger, possibly even finishing second in New Hampshire. At Dartmouth he was articulate and aggressive. But even Landau conceded that "perhaps Gary Hart said 'new ideas' more than he demonstrated any."

► Jesse Jackson was already well known for his civil rights efforts and for winning the release of downed Navy Flyer Robert Goodman from Syria. For the debate, reported *TIME* Correspondent Jack E. White, Jackson shaved the tips off his Zapata-style mustache and dropped his usual rhymes and alliterations. His aim was to become a "general market" candidate appealing to more than just blacks and the poor. To a degree, Jackson succeeded. "He seemed statesmanlike," said Iowa Democratic Vice Chairman Barbara Leach, a Hart supporter. After the debate, Jackson stepped up his attacks on Mondale, trying to drive home the message that he is a genuine alternative to the front runner, not just someone out to spur black voter registration.

To Jackson's chagrin, the Democratic National Committee flatly refused at week's end to open up the delegate-selection rules, which he claims favor party

regulars like Mondale. Jackson's organization has been able to document only about \$100,000 of the \$400,000 raised so far, in order to obtain federal matching funds, and has missed the filing deadlines for the Nevada, Rhode Island and Puerto Rico delegate selections. Moreover, Jackson has been enjoying a honeymoon, not only with the press but with the other candidates. They have been respectful of his

debate asked him why he dyed his sparse hair, his smile looked a little forced. He sheepishly answered that he was trying to keep up with Moderators Koppel and Donahue. Cranston's one-note campaign for a nuclear freeze appears to be melting, though his antinuke supporters could be an effective weapon in the Iowa caucuses, which favor organized activists. Cranston said last week that he would almost surely



"Glenn leads with a gobbledygook to the throat, Mondale counters with a baloney to the eye. Glenn..."

bid to become the first black to contend seriously for the nomination, and mesmerized by his brilliant speaking and charismatic style. In the debate and on the hustings, Jackson's positions have yet to be vigorously challenged.

► Senator Ernest Hollings of South Carolina is perhaps the only candidate who is as quick-witted as Jackson, or more so. He is unafraid to take risky positions, like backing a restoration of the draft and freezing all Government spending for a year to reduce the deficit. But during the debate his wit turned nasty when he snapped at Askew. "You listen! You've got a tic in your ear too," Askew has a slight facial tic. Said a friend of Hollings: "It was as bad as James Watt talking about the woman, the black and the cripple. It revealed a meanness." To be a contender, Hollings will have to finish in the top three in New Hampshire, an unlikely prospect.

► Former Florida Governor Askew may have earned sympathy from Hollings' attack, but he appeared too eager to overcome his hopelessly low poll standing. Last week he failed to get the one vote he needed most: the endorsement of the right-wing Manchester, N.H., *Union Leader*, which has considerable influence among the conservative, pro-life Democrats courted by Askew. The newspaper lambasted all the candidates with a pungent headline: SPARE US THE NIT-WITS FROM NEVER-NEVER LAND.

► Senator Alan Cranston of California has struggled to overcome his age (69) and bald, gaunt appearance. When a woman at the

quit the race if he did not break out of the pack in Iowa or New Hampshire.

► George McGovern, the party's badly beaten nominee in 1972, seemed gentle, avuncular and irrelevant. His most memorable statement was to urge his colleagues not to gang up on Mondale.

An Anyone-but-Mondale movement does not appear to be gathering, at least not yet. Said Hart's campaign manager, Oliver Henkel: "We're not in a stop-Mondale mood." Still, many Democrats fear that Mondale would be no match for Reagan. They contrast the image last week of Reagan making a televised plea for peace with the Soviets with the spectacle of the Democrats wrangling in a college auditorium. Said one top party official: "Democrats standing in a circle shooting each other won't beat Reagan." If the Democrats have compelling alternatives to Reagan's policies, they were not able to present any in the din at Dartmouth.

His lead in the polls notwithstanding, Mondale still has not generated much intensity among voters. "He's being too cautious," says Pat Butler, an editor of the *Fairmont (Minn.) Daily Sentinel*. "If he doesn't get more specific, he might blow it." As the debate showed, Mondale has some hard questions to answer, such as how he really plans to reduce the deficit and pay off all those promises to interest groups. His high perch is fragile. Beneath him, the hounds are milling and jumping, barking to be heard.

—By Evan Thomas. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington and Christopher Ogden/Chicago, with other bureaus

Politics as Gong Show

Last week in Ames, Iowa, real farmers asked Democratic presidential candidates questions about agriculture, which the farmers feel is in dismal condition. The idea was to get a measure of the knowledge and concern of these would-be Presidents. In a couple of weeks, a debate sponsored by the Des Moines Register will allow these men to question one another and answer a few queries from the newspaper's scholarly Washington bureau chief James Risser and a few more from knowledgeable Iowans. No Phil Donahue, no Ted Koppel, no Hollywood. Iowans have always had a bit more than their share of good sense.

Perhaps some time in the past 25 years, in a superpower summit somewhere or in one of the great legislative struggles in Washington, the day was won by a President standing on a stage and wagging his finger at his adversary and outshouting him. If so, the event has not been recorded.

Theatrics is a legitimate part of statecraft. But how much? The principal memory from the great New Hampshire debate a fortnight ago was the dogfight between John Glenn and Walter Mondale. The spectacle was geared for combat. "Let's go to it!" exulted Koppel. Donahue was the designated baiter. Zap, pow, thud! If the candidates could do that to one another, think what they could do to the deficits, Pentagon cost overruns and those nasty types in Latin America.

That one of the problems of governing today is the excessive partisanship of Republicans and Democrats seems not to have bothered the television impresarios, who appear determined to make the campaign the biggest Gong Show of this singular year. "Politics became fun," burbled Washington Post TV Critic Tom Shales. "National fun on live TV... nearly as action-packed as *The A-Team*." Will the political handlers, consultants, producers and scriptwriters—a flourishing industry now in league with the media—turn this campaign into a litany of despair, with each candidate exaggerating America's problems in order to sell his own solutions? Pray for a triumph of calm consideration and enlightenment in the Iowa experience.

When the Democratic candidates were asked at Hanover if Ronald Reagan had done anything worthwhile in three years, there was silence except for a flip answer from Mondale: "I think one of the fine things they did was to get rid of James Watt." That silence was disingenuous, since Reagan obviously has done a few worthy things. It was also an insult to the intelligence of 54% of the American people who, according to George Gallup, approve of Reagan's leadership in some way. But the President has too often led the political charge.

How much better off we would be if Reagan had buried partisanship back in the summer of 1981 and taken Speaker Tip O'Neill's budget compromise, which would have held down the deficits that now threaten to bury us. How much better off we would be if Reagan had muted his ire at the Soviet Union and heeded the public's nuclear-arms concerns.

No wonder a thoughtful man like Theodore Sorensen, who was John Kennedy's special counsel, cries out in a provocative new book (*A Different Kind of Presidency*: Harper & Row) for a startling departure by some candidate to stop this paralyzing partisan wrangling. Sorensen suggests naming a Vice President from the opposition and dividing the Cabinet appointments equally between the parties so that Democrats and Republicans could attack national problems instead of one another. The Washington Post's David Broder, an honored political pundit, immediately dismissed the Sorensen idea as unfeasible and cast his vote for the prevailing sentiment in the political show-ring that the duty of candidates is to bang heads, not put them together. Broder may be right. Trouble is, the problems of monstrous deficits, horrifying nuclear arsenals, huge trade and credit imbalances go unattended as we glory in the fight.



Mondale rebutting rivals in last week's debate

Cheap Shot

Cutting loans for poor nations

The U.S. reputation for international openhandedness has faded a bit more. At a rancorous three-day meeting in Washington earlier this month, the World Bank's 33 wealthiest member nations agreed to donate only \$9 billion over the next three years to the International Development Association (IDA), an agency of the bank that makes interest-free loans to more than 40 of the world's poorest nations. The amount, which represents a reduction of 25% from 1983 levels, is \$7 billion less than the \$16 billion requested by the bank's management.

Most donor nations supported a \$12 billion compromise budget, but it fell through because the Reagan Administration trimmed the annual U.S. contribution from nearly \$1 billion to \$750 million. The other members were then left with a hard choice: increase their own donations to get the total up to \$12 billion, which would have dropped the U.S. share below 25%, violating an informal agreement reached last year, or lower the budget total to keep the American donation at 25%. In the end, the nations decided it was more important, as a matter of precedent, to keep the U.S. shouldering a quarter of the burden, and so they lowered their contributions accordingly.

President Reagan settled on the \$750 million figure in early December, over the objections of Secretary of State George Shultz, who advocated a \$950 million annual contribution. Reagan cited congressional reluctance to contribute more than \$750 million a year. But his rationale did not mollify World Bank President A.W. Clausen, an American. Said he: "I've always believed the President of the U.S. can get anything he really wants."

Shortly after Reagan took office, the U.S. Treasury Department conducted a study of multilateral lending institutions. The report challenged criticism that the IDA was, as Republican Congressman Mickey Edwards of Oklahoma had put it, "a giant worldwide welfare program." But it nonetheless recommended that the U.S. cut back on its IDA contributions. If credit-worthy beneficiaries like India (which now gets one-third of the IDA's largesse) and China were forced to borrow at the bank's subsidized interest rates, according to the report, the poorer countries could receive higher levels of aid. To qualify for the grants, which, technically, must be repaid within 50 years, a country must have a per capita income of less than \$800.

The cutback drew fire both internationally and at home. Said Sven Berner, a World Bank expert on sub-Saharan Africa: "This means that people will starve." Declared C. Fred Bergsten, director of the Institute for International Economics, a Washington-based think tank: "It is shortsighted in terms of the United States' own economic interests and the world economy."



Pendleton receives a dissenting statement from Berry before the news conference

A Declaration of Independence

Conservatives change the course of a federal panel

For a brief moment last week it seemed that the members of the new Commission on Civil Rights might banish whatever bitterness they harbored from last year's skirmishes and stand together. The commissioners answered Democrat Walter Mondale and others who criticized them as puppets of the Reagan Administration with a blunt statement: "The commission belongs to no one... and will serve no political ideology or special interest. That is the meaning of our independence. It is uncompromisable."

That promising display of solidarity, however, was soon overshadowed by a blitz of controversial decisions and internal struggles. At a two-day session in Hunt Valley, Md., the new commission's conservative majority dominated the liberal members. By a 5-to-3 vote, the group decided to cancel an investigation of how cutbacks in student financial aid affected colleges where most students were black or Hispanic, and by a 6-to-2 vote, it came out against the Detroit police department's use of numerical quotas for the promotion of blacks to lieutenant.

The controversy over the commission first erupted last May, when President Reagan replaced three members with appointees who shared his opposition to racial quotas and busing. "We wanted our own people," said White House Counselor Edwin Meese. Two of the sacked members, Mary Frances Berry and Blandina Cardenas Ramirez, sued in federal court for an injunction forbidding their removal, arguing that the action violated the commission's legal status as an independent body. More than 30 Senators and 19 Representatives lined up to sponsor a bipartisan resolution to have commission members appointed by Congress rather than by the President. After much negotiating, a compromise was reached: the new Civil Rights Commission would have eight members, four to be appointed by the Pres-

ident and four by Congress. Berry and Ramirez retained their positions, but the lineup resulted in a conservative majority.

Berry and Ramirez were the dissenters in the 6-to-2 vote that opposed the affirmative-action plan of the Detroit police department. The commission's statement deplored the use of quotas, saying that they create "a new class of victims" by denying equal rights to majority groups. Said Reagan appointee Morris Abram, a prominent Democratic lawyer: "Nothing will ultimately divide a society more than this kind of reverse discrimination."

In a lively news conference at the end of the Hunt Valley meeting, Berry confronted Abram and Chairman Clarence Pendleton Jr., an earlier Reagan appointee who had been in a conservative minority on the old commission. Said Pendleton: "I sat at this commission for 18 months and got beat up all kinds of ways... Now [the new members] are here, and we are going to do the best job we can for the American citizens." Berry, who could hardly conceal her disdain for the chairman, said that the commission "is no longer the conscience of America on civil rights" and added, "I despair for women and minorities in this country."

The commission, established under President Eisenhower in 1957, has no enforcement powers. Its members and staff can only investigate discrimination and make public recommendations on how to eliminate injustices. Although the Supreme Court declined to review the Detroit case, there are two other similar suits pending. One concerns the New Orleans police department and the other the Memphis fire department; both involve hiring policies for minorities. The commissioners will no doubt continue their ideological battles when deciding what to recommend in these cases. Each side will fight to preserve its own notion of an independent commission. ■

Bleak Portraits

Two surveys of black privation

A first glance it certainly looked like a great year for American blacks. Starting out from newsstands for much of the year were three compelling examples of how far they had come in 1983: Vanessa Williams, the first black Miss America; Guion Bluford Jr., the first black American astronaut in space; and, of course, Presidential Candidate Jesse Jackson. However, according to the National Urban League's annual survey, "The State of Black America," released last week, these were the exceptions in a year otherwise notable for its stunning lack of progress for most of the country's 28 million blacks. Declared Urban League President John E. Jacob: "Black America is in desperate straits."

The Urban League's statistical portrait was one of intractable joblessness and poverty, even in the face of a robust national recovery. In December, the national unemployment rate fell to 8.2%, the lowest in more than two years. But for blacks, whose jobless rate traditionally is roughly double that for whites, the unemployment rate was a dispiriting 17.8%. Almost half of all black teen-agers who wanted to work were unable to find a job. Moreover, the percentage of black families at or below the Government's official poverty line—\$9,862 for a family of four—was almost three times that of whites, the worst rate since 1967. Half of all black children live in families with incomes below the poverty line. Black America, Jacob said, remains "buried in a depression of crushing proportions."

Economic burdens were particularly heavy in the black households headed by women, 42% of the total. More than half of these women lacked a high school diploma; three-fifths did not have jobs. The poverty rate for these female-headed black families: a worrisome 45%.

The Urban League's bleak findings were bolstered by another report released the same day that dealt with job discrimination. In a survey of major companies in the Boston area, the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) found blacks severely underrepresented in key industries. Even though minorities are generally better educated in Boston than in most other areas of the U.S., they are disproportionately concentrated in lower-paying jobs. Not one of Boston's electric, gas and sanitary-service companies has minority sales employees. Even custodian jobs in investment firms are, according to the EEOC, "totally segregated." Fumed Regional Director Thomas Saltostall: "This isn't Baton Rouge in 1864. It is Boston in 1984. The situation is appalling." ■



John Jacob

Telling Tales

Mad, mad Leroy Barnes

Even the judge was shocked. After listening to hours of testimony about a multimillion-dollar drug-distribution network involving hired killers with a penchant for chain saws, U.S. District Judge Milton Pollack marveled that such iniquities "could be so cold-bloodedly related." Yet the tales so coolly told in court helped indict 44 major traffickers and convict 16. The man doing the talking was Leroy ("Nicky") Barnes, a.k.a. "Mr. Untouchable." Barnes fingered James, his ex-partner in drug dealing, for ordering his brother-in-law ice-picked to death. James, said Barnes, employed a four-man hit team: one aspiring killer slew a random passer-by as an audition for the job.

Barnes, 51, won his notoriety when, as the most flamboyant member of a Mafia-style council of seven "blood brothers," he earned millions distributing heroin throughout Harlem. In 1977 he was finally nailed, and the sentence was stiff: life imprisonment without possibility of parole. Six years later, Mr. Untouchable turned into Mr. Tell All.

Even though Barnes claimed last year that he would seek Executive clemency and adopted a repentant tone ("My whole

life was shallow"), such meekness will probably go for naught. Barnes volunteered to talk for no more than the assurance that his cooperation would be brought to the attention of the Government. U.S. prosecutors, who last week produced a 19-page memo detailing Barnes' cooperation, insist that the one man who has the power to grant clemency, the President, is hardly likely to give



Spilling the beans

even as much as a chance for parole. Asks Assistant U.S. Attorney Philip Douglas: "What President wants to go on record as having reduced the sentence of Nicky Barnes?"

Barnes' lust for vengeance is a more credible explanation, especially since he had to implicate himself in eight murders in order to explain what his former friends did. Prosecutors believe that after switching prisons in 1981, Barnes began getting more news from the outside world, and he did not like what he heard. He came to believe that his lawyers were swindling him, his former blood brothers had cut into his turf, and one had started an affair with Barnes' favorite mistress.

Testified Barnes: "I have no way to reach to get to 'em, and I want to get back at 'em. That's my primary reason." If revenge is indeed his reward, then his long life behind bars may be a bit sweeter: he has made it certain that his blood brothers will share his prison life.

Coming Clean

Bay Staters scramble to pay up

The scene was reminiscent of an unemployment office. But the thousands of grim-faced men and women who lined up in the office of the Massachusetts revenue department in downtown Boston last week were there to give money, not take it. Marveled one tax examiner: "It's the first time I've seen taxpayers storming the doors of the revenue department."

With good reason. Last year the state legislature made tax evasion, which had been a misdemeanor, a felony with a maximum sentence of five years in prison. But it gave delinquents a 90-day grace period, ending last week, to pay their back taxes plus interest. The opportunity persuaded an astounding 130,000 tax dodgers to open their checkbooks, and netted the state approximately \$50 million. Exclaimed Revenue Commissioner Ira Jackson: "The amnesty has been extremely successful."

An out-of-state Fortune 500 company coughed up \$1 million. Other checks have ranged from 8¢ to \$287,000. In last week's queue: a middle-aged widow who had discovered that her late husband had failed to pay a 1973 state tax bill for \$52.70. With interest, she now owed the state more than \$200. The startling results have inspired Native Son Tip O'Neill, Speaker of the House, to call for a congressional study of a federal tax amnesty program.

Urban Homesteaders



They are raised, one-level, ranch-style houses, stoutly suburban and freakishly out of place amid the decaying tenements and grimy rubble of New York's South Bronx. Ten have gone up since October, and 80 more will be delivered by next fall, assembled on site at the rate of one a day. The new housing project on Charlotte Street, one of the most abject and unsavory slums in the country, was so unprecedented there that

when the first owners moved in last December, cynical neighbors called them "pioneers."

Shoe Shop Owner David Rivera, 35, and his wife Irma, 33, were the first to settle into the new project, genteelly christened Charlotte Gardens. Proudly showing off his fully equipped three-bedroom house with its cathedral ceilings, plush carpeting and small backyard, David notes, "This is a hell of a deal compared with the hellhole we lived in before." The Riveras jumped at the chance to desert their often heatless \$400-a-month rental apartment near by. They took possession of their new \$47,000 home with an initial \$7,500, and will pay a mortgage of \$370 a month.

Charlotte Gardens is the project of a nonprofit local agency, the South Bronx Development Organization, which five years ago took on the burden of salvaging the neighborhood. Until recently the area was so celebrated a symbol of

urban decay that Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan both traveled there to voice concern and promise federal assistance that never quite seemed to materialize. Instead, the development organization, noting the success of a few tenants' association takeovers and restorations, concluded that owner occupancy of South Bronx buildings would spur reconstruction. The first 90 homes have already been sold, more than half to South Bronx residents.



The Riveras, above left, and the new South Bronx project

Nation



Among the loot: a grain silo, a collection of Tiffany glass pieces and a floating drydock

Calling In the Marshals

New guardians take over the Government's bothersome booty

In Florida and Texas, expensive vessels seized by the Drug Enforcement Administration clutter waterways and marinas, accumulating barnacles. Along the Cape Fear River in North Carolina, a drug dealer's former Xanadu called Castle Hayne, complete with swimming pool and 22-horse stables, sits uninhabited. In the DEA's Los Angeles office, a huge, garish oil painting decorates the squad room. "We don't know where to put the thing," an agent says of the confiscated treasure. "It won't fit in the vault."

Since 1978, federal agents have had the legal authority to strike at the lifeblood of organized crime and drug cartels by confiscating property or assets that can be traced to illicit profits. The program has been so successful that it has resulted in an administrative nightmare: the costly storage, maintenance, sale and disposal of the valuable but unwieldy booty. This month that bureaucratic burden was lifted from the DEA and other law-enforcement agencies and placed on the shoulders of the U.S. Marshals Service.

The traditional duties of federal marshals include apprehending fugitives, guarding dangerous prisoners and protecting witnesses in organized-crime cases. Their new job may be as challenging as any of the others. Some 49 pieces of real-estate worth \$8.4 million and 36 airplanes worth \$7.3 million were confiscated last year by the DEA, roughly twice as much as the year before. The Justice Department last year seized more than \$100 million worth of property and other assets. Among the diverse booty that must be managed and eventually sold: a jewelry store in Mississippi, a grain silo in Iowa, a floating drydock in Hawaii, 123 beef hindquarters in Pennsylvania and 1,700 cases of toothpaste seized in New Jersey.

Skeptics wonder whether the Mar-

shals Service can cope. It certainly cannot do worse than the DEA and other agencies that lacked the resources necessary to handle the goods. Congress's General Accounting Office found that property seized during fiscal year 1981 had been so poorly maintained that cars and trucks brought only 58% of their true value, boats 43% and aircraft 35%. (Drugs are burned.) Confiscated businesses have presented a particular problem. Consider the strange case of Rex Cauble, millionaire rancher, owner of the wildly successful Cutter Bill western-wear stores and kingpin of the "Texas Mafia," who smuggled tons of marijuana into the Lone Star State during the late 1970s. Cauble's corporate empire was so complex that agents felt he was the only person who could manage it efficiently. So while he was out on bail, the DEA paid Cauble \$10,000 a year to run his business. They fired Cauble, however, when they discovered he was running the company into the ground. He was eventually convicted and sentenced to five years in prison.

The U.S. Marshals Service hopes to avoid such embarrassing quandaries by hiring experts from the private sector to oversee confiscated businesses. In addition, legislation currently in Congress would create a revolving fund to cover the costs of maintaining and disposing of seized property. Proceeds from the sale of confiscated items would be returned to the fund.

Stanley Morris, director of the Marshals Service, says that other agencies are relieved to be rid of the loot-keeping burden, which had led to charges of theft and corruption. "We want to come up with a system that assures a high degree of integrity," he says. Notes DEA Agent William Counce of Los Angeles: "We're glad to hand it over to them."

Heist City

Tempting targets in L.A.

More movies are made around Los Angeles, of course, than anywhere else in the U.S. More Mercedes-Benzes are sold there than in any other American city, more guacamole is served, more tans are perfectly maintained. Also, more banks are robbed there, many more. Last fiscal year in Los Angeles and its environs there were 1,720 bank heists, compared with 546 in San Francisco, the country's second-place slick-em-up city, 443 in New York City, 132 in Baltimore and just 56 in Chicago. Indeed, nearly one out of three U.S. bank robberies takes place in the seven-county purview of the FBI's Los Angeles office. The last day without a bank holdup was Oct. 4, 1979. Says Lieutenant Joe Patterson of the Los Angeles County sheriff's robbery squad: "The word is out on the street, in jail, among junkies: 'Hey, man, if you're hurting, go to the bank.'"

Even as bank robberies are generally declining in the U.S. (down 11% during the first half of 1983), they are growing more rampant in Los Angeles (up 18% last year). The Friday before Christmas set a new daily record: 21 banks robbed. One reason is that Southern California just has a great many banks to rob, about 3,000 outlets by the FBI's reckoning. In addition, as the song says, L.A. is a great big freeway the vast road system makes getaways easier. Still, the FBI says three-fourths of Los Angeles' bank robberies are solved. Bad odds for the crooks, but rational analysis is not the strong suit of drug addicts, who the FBI believes are responsible for some 70% of the crimes.

The banks have been reluctant to take defensive measures. Says Robert Brodie, the U.S. Attorney's chief prosecutor: "The banks are so open and available, it's an invitation to robbery. They have been seriously negligent in construction and design." For instance, bullet-resistant "bandit barriers," common in other large cities, are scarce in mellow Los Angeles. "You need a warm, inviting place to do business," explains Stephen Ward, security director for the Crocker Bank. Nor are more secure designs necessarily worth the cost: for all the heists, the banks lose only \$4 million a year to robbers, or an unimpressive average of around \$1,300 per branch. The public, of course, picks up the cost of apprehending, prosecuting and jailing the robbers.

Some of the robbers are rather intriguing. Last year's "Yankee Bandit," so called for the New York Yankees baseball cap he wore during his robberies, invariably broke into a broad smile as he left with his loot. He robbed 55 banks in six months for a total take of \$190,000. Not long after an astonishing six heists on one November day, he apparently retired—or changed hats.

World

EAST-WEST

"Some Cautious Melting"

Shultz and Gromyko exchange tough words, then five hours of quiet talk

Now was swirling as the American delegation drove up to the tall iron gates of the Soviet embassy in southwestern Stockholm. So when U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko exchanged pleasantries at the start of their long-anticipated meeting last week, the talk quite naturally turned to the weather. "You have to come to the U.S. to find out how cold this winter is," said Shultz. The Soviet diplomat was quick with a comeback. "I've read all about it," replied Gromyko. "Some of our Muscovites can say, 'Now the Americans know what frost means.'"

The weather, of course, had little to do with the chilly climate on the two diplomats' minds. Ever since their stormy shouting match in Madrid last September over the Soviet downing of the Korean Air Lines jet carrying 269 passengers and crew, superpower relations have been glacial. In better diplomatic times, the Conference on Confidence and Security-Building Measures and Disarmament in Europe, which opened in Stockholm last week, would not have attracted such international attention. But other negotiating forums have been vacant since the Soviets, in protest against the deployment of new NATO missiles on the Continent, walked out of the Geneva talks on limiting intermediate-range missiles in Europe and indefinitely postponed discussions aimed at reducing strategic weapons and cutting back on conventional forces. Even though the Stockholm conference had no mandate to discuss nuclear weapons, it offered a new venue, where both sides could at least try to raise the temperature of their relationship.

The week proved to be an anxious one, full of conflicting signals. It began as President Reagan issued a deliberately conciliatory message that raised hopes of a diplomatic thaw. But Western spirits sank when Gromyko responded in Stockholm with an attack against U.S. policy that, in the circumstances, seemed excessively vitriolic. The prospects improved again when a meeting between Shultz and Gromyko that had been scheduled to last three hours continued well past the allotted time, and then seemed less encourag-

ing when Shultz returned home to report that they had made "no headway" on arms control. Sorting through the confusing mix of mild words and harsh retorts, diplomats at the 35-nation conference were left wondering what the next move could be in the fumbling superpower two-step. "We are obviously in a delicate phase," said a Shultz aide. "One doesn't want to put a foot wrong here."

Reagan took the initiative in an ad-

superpower relations. Said Reagan: "We don't refuse to talk when the Soviets call us imperialist aggressors and worse or because they cling to the fantasy of a Communist triumph over democracy."

The President's speech was noticeably free of the epithets that have so rankled the Politburo in the past, such as his characterization of the Soviet Union as "the focus of evil in the modern world." Instead, the President evoked the homespun image of Ivan and Anya and Jim and Sally, ordinary Russians and Americans who might one day meet in a waiting room or share a shelter from the storm and come to talk about their children, their hobbies and their hopes for the future. "Their common interests cross all borders," said the President, in calling on the Kremlin to help work for peace. He promised the Soviets that the U.S. was prepared to negotiate arms-control agreements "in good faith," noting that "whenever the Soviet Union is ready to do likewise, we'll meet them halfway."

The presidential message may have reflected a change in Reagan's thinking and the growing feeling among foreign policy advisers that a conciliatory tone should accompany his hard-line approach toward the Soviet Union. But there were only limited indications that Moscow was ready to pick up where superpower relations left off in the aftermath of the Korean Air Lines crisis. There were some suspicions in Washington that domestic politics was motivating Reagan's change of heart, and Moscow was totally unwilling to give the President the benefit of the doubt. On the eve of the conference, Shultz's assessment of the prospects for his upcoming meeting with Gromyko was guarded. Said he: "I don't want to put any spin on it at all—either optimism or pessimism." French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson was pessimistic as he came away from a private session with his Soviet counterpart. Said Cheysson, speaking of the Shultz-Gromyko meeting: "I would be very surprised if it wound up with a phrase like 'Dear friend, let's get together next week on this.'"

Shultz was the first of the two men to stand on the podium in the ultramodern



George Shultz

"We are ready for negotiations whenever the Soviet Union is prepared."

dress on U.S.-Soviet relations that he hoped would ease tensions as the diplomats gathered in Stockholm. He solemnly told a group of Congressmen and officials in the East Room of the White House that he believed the U.S. was now strong enough in military and economic terms to seek improved ties with Moscow. "Our working relationship with the Soviet Union is not what it must be," said the President. "We must and will engage the Soviets in a dialogue as serious and constructive as possible." But he dismissed criticism that his tough talk had damaged

assembly hall. While Gromyko looked on impassively, the U.S. Secretary of State repeated Reagan's call for the superpowers to get down to business. It was time, said Shultz, to seek "a relationship not marked by the abrupt shifts, exaggerated expectations and dashed hopes of the last decade." He held open the door to renewed arms talks, noting that "we are ready for negotiations whenever the Soviet Union is prepared." Shultz offered no new proposal for reviving the ruptured Geneva talks. Instead, following up a similar offer by the Warsaw Pact, he announced that the U.S. was planning to propose a treaty on "the complete and verifiable elimination of chemical weapons"—but on a global basis. In what struck the Soviets and many Europeans as a sour note, Shultz expressed repugnance at the postwar division of Europe, labeling it an "artificial barrier" that had "cruelly divided this continent—and indeed, heartlessly divided one of its great nations."

That American rebuke proved to be mild compared with the tongue-lashing that Gromyko delivered during his almost hourlong harangue the next day. Expressing scorn, anger and suspicion, the veteran Soviet diplomat railed against Washington's "maniacal plans," "criminal and dishonest methods" and "pathological obsession" with building new armaments. He dismissed the Reagan speech as a "hackneyed play" that fooled no one. "It is deeds that are needed, not verbal exercises," said Gromyko.

West European diplomats were stunned by Gromyko's rhetoric. Belgian Foreign Minister Leo Tindemans described the tone of the Soviet speech as "vulgar." Said West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher: "We have little regard for a policy of confrontation or the language of confrontation." The U.S. delegation seemed equally disappointed as it left for the meeting with Gromyko later in the day. There were doubts that the talks, which were scheduled to begin at 3 p.m., would last the allotted three hours. Promptly at 6, the official Soviet news agency, TASS, printed a dispatch saying that Gromyko had "resolutely denounced" U.S. policy. Western reporters took that as a signal that the talks were over, but then a U.S. diplomat appeared with the surprising news that "the meeting is still going on." Shultz was finally seen leaving the Soviet embassy five hours and ten minutes after his arrival.

Gromyko's words were decidedly less virulent in private than in public. In brisk, five- to ten-minute exchanges, Shultz and Gromyko discussed arms control, Central America, the Middle East, Afghanistan, human rights, the Stockholm conference and safeguards for airliners on international flights. Neither side was reticent in

stating its grievances, but when Gromyko referred to the Iranians as "your good friends," the Americans laughed. Shultz, said an aide, had recognized that the Gromyko speech was for public consumption, but in the private meeting "nobody was talking for effect only." The two men smiled and shook hands both before and after the meeting and, said a member of the U.S. delegation, "there were more smiles after."

Still, as Shultz told reporters later, there had been "no movement, no change in position" on the contentious issue of intermediate-range missiles in Europe. Pressed as to whether the two diplomats had settled anything, Shultz protested, "It wasn't that kind of meeting." He described the atmosphere as "straightforward, businesslike," and said the talks had been "worthwhile" and "necessary."

The Soviets continued to insist that they will not return to the table in Geneva until the new Pershing II and cruise missiles that were installed in West Germa-

nyko did suggest that the Soviets would return, probably in mid-March, to the Vienna negotiations on the reduction of conventional forces in Europe, which the Soviets "suspended" just before Christmas.

It is not likely, given the depth of Soviet feelings toward Reagan, that Moscow will do more in the immediate future than keep communication lines open to the West. Another factor troubling the future of bilateral progress is the uncertain health of Soviet leader Yuri Andropov, who has not been seen in public since last August. But there were no suggestions in Gromyko's behavior in Stockholm that he felt constrained by any leadership vacuum in the Kremlin. Said a U.S. diplomat: "He certainly conveyed no sense of paralysis." In Moscow, Viktor Afanasyev, editor in chief of *Pravda*, dropped hints in an interview that Andropov might reappear as early as next week. He also confirmed rumors that the Soviet leader was suffering from a kidney ailment, aggravated by influenza. In any case, the elder Andropov was not so critically ill that his son Igor, a diplomat who has participated in a number of recent East-West conferences, could not join the Soviet diplomatic team in the Swedish capital.

In the meantime, little can be expected soon from the Stockholm conference, which will begin negotiations this week aimed at reducing the risk of conventional war in Europe. The NATO delegations want an agreement improving the present system of advance warning of military maneuvers and increasing exchanges of military observers and information. But the Warsaw Pact appeared to have a different agenda. At last week's opening ceremonies, speaker after speaker from the East bloc echoed Moscow's criticism of the NATO missile deployment. They also called on the U.S. to announce that it would never be the first to use nuclear weapons, a pledge the West has always avoided because nuclear weapons are its most effective security guarantee in the face of the Soviet bloc's superiority in conventional weapons in Europe.

The host of the conference, Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme, said that he did not expect a "rapid thaw" in the superpower chill but he could at least foresee "some cautious melting." The Shultz and Gromyko meeting in Stockholm seemed too tentative to serve as a reliable marker on the road back to a warmer U.S.-Soviet climate. But more warmth is wanted. A group of 2,000 children braved icy winds in the broad concrete plaza outside the conference hall to hold up placards spelling out a message for the visiting foreign dignitaries: THE WORLD IS WAITING. —By John Kohan. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Stockholm and Barrett Seaman with Shultz



Andrei Gromyko

"It is deeds that are needed, not verbal exercises."

ny, Britain and Italy last year are removed. To underscore Soviet concern about the new weapons, the official newspaper of the Soviet Defense Ministry, *Krasnaya Zvezda*, reported last week that "fierce, mighty weapons"—presumably, short-range SS-21, SS-22 and SS-23 missiles—had already been installed in East Germany and Czechoslovakia to counter the NATO threat. A Soviet officer quoted in the newspaper explained that "we must be prepared to give a due rebuff to the aggressor." But if Moscow was stiff as ever about intermediate-range missiles, Gro-

World

MIDDLE EAST

Murder in the University

Terrorists increase pressure on the U.S. to leave Lebanon

Hardly a government in the Arab world does not contain at least one Cabinet minister who is a graduate of the 117-year-old American University of Beirut. Despite nearly a decade of civil war and continuing turmoil, the university has remained a bulwark of learning and an island of relative tranquility in a scarred and anguished city. Last week it also became a monument to the senseless terror that besets all Lebanon. Its president, Malcolm Kerr, 52, whose life had been devoted to Arab culture and education, was shot dead by two unknown gunmen, apparently for no reason except that he was an American.

Shortly afterward, an anonymous caller telephoned the French news agency Agence France-Presse and said that the assassination of Kerr had been carried out by members of the Islamic Jihad, the same Iranian-backed Shi'ite Muslim group that is believed to have bombed the U.S. and French military headquarters in Beirut last October as well as the Israeli headquarters in Tyre. The caller said that Kerr was "the victim of the American military presence in Beirut," and vowed that "not a single American or Frenchman will remain on this soil."

The caller also said that the Islamic Jihad had been responsible for the Beirut kidnaping of the Saudi consul general, Hussein Farrash, a day earlier. Farrash, 45, had been abducted by seven gunmen who intercepted his limousine as he was driving to work. According to the anonymous message, the diplomat would be tried according to Islamic law, executed, and his body would be "thrown out."

The attack against a Saudi added a new and troubling element to the violent Lebanese equation. The Syrians, who occupy the area of the Bekaa Valley that serves as a base for the pro-Iranian fanatics, have allowed the extremists fairly free rein. But Saudi Arabia bankrolls Syria to the tune of \$1 billion a year, and Saudi diplomats have frequently acted as mediators in intra-Arab disputes. In tacit recognition of their status, Saudi diplomats had been exempt from the terror that has made victims of both Arabs and non-Arabs in Beirut. As the week passed, there was no further word on Farrash's fate.

In targeting Kerr for assassination, the killers chose a man who had spent much of his life promoting trust and friendship between the West and the Arab world. Kerr was born in Beirut, the son of an American biochemistry professor at the university. He studied there and at Johns Hopkins University's School of Advanced International Studies. Later he taught political science for 20 years at the University of California at Los Angeles. But Kerr always dreamed of returning to



Kerr on the Beirut campus last November



Saudi Arabia's consul general Hussein Farrash

The kidnaping added a new element.

Lebanon to lead the institution that had been so much a part of his heritage, and in late 1982 he got his wish when he was named president of the American University. His immediate predecessor, Acting President David Dodge, had been kidnaped by Muslim extremists in July, with the evident backing of both Syria and Iran. Dodge was finally released in July 1983, thanks largely to efforts by Syrian President Hafez Assad's brother Rifaat, head of the Syrian internal security forces.

At first, the university provided Kerr with a bodyguard. But, arguing that such protection was not appropriate, Kerr dispensed with it. One morning last week the two gunmen entered the administration building unchallenged, made their way to the third floor and waited. At 9:10 a.m., as Kerr stepped out of the elevator and began to walk toward his office, one of the terrorists shot him twice in the head with

a gun fitted with a silencer. The gunmen escaped, and at a nearby hospital, Kerr was pronounced dead.

News of the assassination spread quickly. Lebanon's President, Amin Gemayel, expressed his condolences to U.S. Ambassador Reginald Bartholomew. Former Prime Minister Saeb Salam, a leader in the effort to unite the country's warring factions, called the murder "a flagrant disregard for values and an illustration of how seriously security has deteriorated." Particularly vulnerable at the moment are individual Americans and Frenchmen, partly because the terrorists are finding it increasingly difficult to penetrate the military bases and thus are turning their guns on relatively unprotected civilian targets. Two weeks ago gunmen on a motorbike shot and slightly wounded the wife of a French diplomat in broad daylight. As usual, the terrorists escaped.

In at least one important respect, the motives of the pro-Iranian terrorists coincide precisely with those of Syrian President Assad: both want to press the Multi-National Force to leave Lebanon. When Donald Rumsfeld, President Reagan's special envoy to the Middle East, met with Assad in Damascus two weeks ago, the Syrian leader repeated his demands that the U.S. Marines as well as other MNF troops leave Beirut, Israeli forces withdraw from southern Lebanon, and the Lebanese-Israeli agreement of last May 17 be set aside. U.S. diplomats believe Assad is deliberately stalling, in the hope that the pressure on Reagan to remove the Marines from Lebanon will intensify as the U.S. election campaign heats up.

Earlier this month the various Lebanese factions seemed ready to accept a formal cease-fire. This would have permitted the Lebanese government, whose present power does not even extend beyond the Beirut city limits, to expand its control to a wider area. Such a development could eventually lead to a withdrawal of the Marines and the other peace-keeping forces. At the last moment, however, Druze Leader Walid Jumblatt, who receives strong support from Syria, raised new objections and effectively scuttled the tentative agreement.

Syria was generally blamed for the failure. The Saudis, who were also involved in the negotiations, would welcome an easing of tensions in Lebanon, but are at present preoccupied with problems of their own. Last week they signed a \$4.1 billion contract with the French to buy an air-defense system that will include mobile, low-altitude Shahine and Crotale surface-to-air missiles. The Saudis, who have usually purchased American weapons in the past but are diversifying their arms purchases, are fearful that the Iran-Iraq war might spill over and begin to affect them directly.

The failure of efforts to break the Lebanese political impasse has produced a disappointment in Beirut that is almost

palpable. Says former Prime Minister Salam: "People had so much hope in the Americans when they first came. Now they are disillusioned." As sporadic fighting broke out again, there were fears that the informal cease-fire that has generally prevailed since Sept. 26 was breaking down. *Druze* gunners again shelled Christian-dominated East Beirut and the Marine positions around Beirut International Airport. This in turn provoked a response from the 5-in. guns of the battleship *New Jersey* and the destroyer *Tattnall*. Then, following reports that the Iranian-trained terrorists were preparing for kamikaze missions against American naval vessels off Lebanon, the U.S. placed its forces there on alert and rushed Stinger anti-aircraft missiles to the area.

In southern Lebanon, Israelis mourned the death of their best Lebanese friend, Major Saad Haddad, 45, who died of cancer two weeks ago after a long illness. Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir and other senior officials took time off from their other duties to fly by helicopter to the Lebanese village of Marjayoun to



Lebanese soldiers guard the gates of the American University following the assassination. An island of tranquility became a monument to the senseless terror that besets Lebanon.

attend the funeral of the man who had been their close ally and in effect their proconsul in southern Lebanon.

Meanwhile, King Hussein of Jordan reconvened his parliament after a record of ten years and renewed his invitation to Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat to join with him in forming a united front for future negotiations with Israel over the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. A closer link between Hussein and Arafat, who only last month reconciled his differences with Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, would further isolate Syria, whose only real friends in the Arab world are Libya and South Yemen. Syrian agents, in an apparent effort to unnerve Hussein, are thought to have been behind the shooting of several Jordanian diplomats in Europe and Asia over the past year. In spite of this, Hussein seems determined to press ahead. To strengthen the

King's resolve, the Reagan Administration has renewed efforts to ask Congress to authorize \$220 million for training and equipping an estimated 8,000-man Jordanian force that could be used as a deterrent in the event of a crisis in the Persian Gulf.

The King also called for a reconciliation between Egypt and the other Arab states, and last week there were signs that this process was well under way. At the meeting of the fourth Islamic Conference Organization in Casablanca, attended by delegates from 42 countries, including 25 heads of state, the liveliest issue was not even on the formal agenda: the readmission of Egypt, whose membership was suspended after the late Anwar Sadat signed a peace treaty with Israel in 1979.

The Egyptian case was pressed by a number of black African and Asian nations, including Guinea, Senegal, Malaysia and Pakistan, and they reportedly gained the support of 32 delegations. Libya, Syria and South Yemen boycotted the closing session, at which the invitation to Egypt was announced, but most delegates seemed delighted. Said a Pakistani: "Sadat is dead, and

Hard Times

Israel's inflation nears 200%

"You see this carton of cigarettes?" asked an unemployed young man in the southern Israeli town of Mizpe Ramon. "I paid for it this time, but next time I may have to steal it." That scene, shown on Israeli television last week, is typical of the tales of economic woe that have become standard fare. A few days earlier the government announced that prices had risen 11.6% in December alone, bringing the inflation rate for 1983 to a record 190.7%. That prompted Finance Minister Yigal Cohen-Orgad to impose new rules barring Israelis from holding or taking out of the country more than \$2,000 a year in foreign currency. He announced that Israeli workers would get a cost-of-living increase of only 9.1% next month, not enough to keep up with inflation.

As a result of the austerity policies imposed after Yitzhak Shamir succeeded Menachem Begin as Prime Minister last October, Israel's unemployment is also an increasing concern. Cohen-Orgad acknowledges that the figure may triple, to 30,000 (2.5%), this year. There has already been widespread labor unrest. Defense ministry employees have been on a work slowdown for two months. Last week the nation's railroad workers went out on strike, while postal employees caused major disruptions in mail service and all 60,000 of the country's civil servants went on strike for three hours.

To quell the protests, the finance ministry has worked out an agreement with the Histadrut, the labor federation responsible for 90% of Israel's public servants and 700,000 private-sector employees. Every worker will get an additional \$43 a month to help compensate for inflation, at least until April 1, when the present set of wage agreements expires.

Shamir's Likud coalition has come under fire from within its own ranks as a result of its economic policies. Tami, a three-member coalition partner, has threatened to bolt the government if budget cuts drastically affect the poor. Another Likud member successfully introduced a motion in the Knesset demanding a debate on whether new settlements in the West Bank and Gaza Strip should be frozen because they are too costly.

Responding to the worsening economy, the opposition Labor alignment presented a no-confidence motion, which is due to be voted on in the Knesset this week. Although Shamir's coalition is expected to survive (it holds 64 seats, vs. 56 for Labor), a further deterioration could provoke defections, forcing Shamir to dissolve parliament. A poll published this month showed that if elections were held now, the Likud would trail Labor, 41 seats to 57.



Shamir

there's a new man in power who would desperately like to re-establish Egypt's position within the Islamic community." In the meantime, Egyptian officials declared that they hoped to meet with Jordan and the P.L.O. to seek a new approach for negotiating the return of the occupied territories.

Among Egypt's strongest supporters at Casablanca was Yasser Arafat, who demonstrated that, despite the adversities he has suffered during the past year, he has retained the backing of most Islamic states. Lebanon was scarcely mentioned, if only because delegates found it difficult to say anything constructive. Saudi Arabia's King Fahd, in calling again on the Israelis to withdraw from Lebanon, claimed to be "optimistic" about the ability of the Lebanese "to achieve national unity," but he said it without particular conviction.

—By William E. Smith.
Reported by John Borrell/Beirut and Thomas A. Sancton/Casablanca

EL SALVADOR

The Making of a President

An election hinges on death squads, land reform and gringos

It is way cleared by eight bodyguards. Salvadoran Constitutional Assembly President Roberto d'Aubuisson struck an aggressive pose last week as he approached a specially erected platform in the remote Salvadoran farming cooperative of Parra Lempa. D'Aubuisson wore white and a .38-cal. revolver, an emblem by which he is familiarly known. "Some people write that we are barbarians and bloody," he shouted to an audience of some 400 *campesinos*. "But today, you have seen that we stand for land reform. In return for your vote, we Nationalist Republicans promise to work for the people." The crowd cheered, and for good reasons. Just after his speech, D'Aubuisson presented the agricultural workers with formal title to the lands they had farmed for years as propertyless tenants.

D'Aubuisson's populist rhetoric contrasted sharply with his reputation as a right-wing extremist. The boyish-looking onetime Salvadoran police major, now 40, has consistently tried to delay implementation of U.S.-sponsored efforts at land reform in El Salvador. Last November, D'Aubuisson was refused an entry visa to the U.S., a rebuff linked to his alleged ties to the country's nefarious right-wing death squads. For the present, however, he wishes to appear a man of the people, and is running hard in a long-awaited presidential-election campaign that is crucial both to his country's future and to the foreign policy aims of the Reagan Administration.

With only two months remaining until the March 25 elections, campaign fever is high in El Salvador, despite the continuing violence of the government's war against some 10,000 members of the

Marxist-led Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.). Along the highway leading out of the capital of San Salvador, trees are beribboned with the red-white-and-blue emblems of D'Aubuisson's Nationalist Republican Alliance, known by its Spanish acronym of ARENA. Sidewalk intersections are spray-painted with the green fish symbol of ARENA's chief rival in the eight-party presidential race, the centrist Christian Democrats led by José Napoleón Duarte. On El Salvador's four television channels, political advertisements exhort voters to choose the man among the many who can save the country.

The differences between the two chief rivals for the presidency are pronounced and profound. At his own campaign rallies around the country, the Christian Democrats' Duarte stresses conciliation and optimism as the answer to El Salvador's bloody woes. If elected, Duarte promises to speed up the progress of Salvadoran land reform and begin negotiations that would bring members of the F.M.L.N. insurgency within the legitimate political process. Duarte has also vowed to rid El Salvador of human rights violations, which are among the worst in the hemisphere. He proposes to eliminate the country's 2,500-member Treasury Police, the ill-trained and thuggish force that is believed to serve as a major reservoir of talent for the murderous death squads, who have added thousands to the estimated toll of 40,000 Salvadoran civilians killed since 1979.

D'Aubuisson's solution to his nation's difficulties is straightforward: a military victory over the guerrillas. He has drawn cheers at rallies by promising on occasion that, if elected, he will deport all "leftists," a term that some rightists interpret as incorporating anyone who favors dialogue with the insurgents. D'Aubuisson talks of providing new investment incentives for business in the war-battered Salvadoran economy, and wins approval from thousands of small businessmen and farmers who have suffered grievously from the guerrilla strategy of attacking the country's economic infrastructure.

D'Aubuisson has played skillfully on both sides of the land-reform issue. Despite his grandstanding act of handing over land titles at Parra Lempa, D'Aubuisson and ARENA fought hard to limit the size of Salvadoran holdings that could be expropriated under the agrarian reform for peasant use.

Recently, D'Aubuisson used an old weapon from his campaign arsenal: anti-Americanism. At rallies, D'Aubuisson has increasingly stressed the theme of the Reagan Administration's meddling in

Salvadoran affairs. Appealing to a well-developed Salvadoran sense of nationalism, D'Aubuisson declares that "we prefer tortillas and beans and to eat them with dignity than gringo bread and to eat it with pain in our souls." ARENA bumper stickers issue a challenge: SURRENDER YOUR COUNTRY, NOT OURS.

D'Aubuisson's jingoism and xenophobia have risen in proportion to Reagan Administration efforts to bring an end to the death squads. In the past two months, Administration officials, including Vice President George Bush, have streamed into San Salvador to denounce right-wing killing as no more acceptable than the violence perpetrated by the left. That view received additional endorsement from President Reagan's bipartisan Kissinger commission on Central America, which suggested "conditioning" vastly increased amounts of U.S. aid to El Salvador on the basis of an improved human rights performance.

In Washington, the aid vs. human rights debate over El Salvador will likely increase in stridency this week, as Congressmen return from recess to Capitol Hill. Anticipating the controversy, the Administration last week released a Salvadoran human rights assessment asserting, as the Administration has done in the past, that "important progress has been made." Among other things, the report claims a drop in the rate of violent Salvadoran civilian deaths during the latter half of 1983, to 104 monthly, but offers a blunt admission that there has been a "significant increase" in casualties attributable to death squads. The Administration's report will undoubtedly fuel vociferous partisan criticism as the U.S. presidential election nears. El Salvador's interminable bloodshed, in fact, now could have an impact on the electoral fate of two countries. —By George Russell.

Reported by David DeVoss/San Salvador and Johanna McGeary/Washington



Nationalist Republican Roberto d'Aubuisson
Jingoism and a military solution.



Christian Democrat José Napoleón Duarte
Optimism, compromise and a police purge.



During talks in Pretoria, South Africans are, for once, on the left, Mozambicans on the right

MOZAMBIQUE

Sweet Talk

Machel looks west—and south

Ware Marxists, but not in the religious sense of the word," an adviser to Mozambique's President conceded last year. That may be putting it mildly. Last October, during a fence-mending 18-day tour of Western Europe, President Samora Machel, 50, was presented with a medal from Queen Elizabeth, and persuaded the British government to waive his country's payment of a \$30 million debt. In Portugal, Mozambique's longtime colonial master and Machel's bitter foe during a ten-year struggle for independence, the former guerrilla commander declared that the two countries were bound "in a friendship of steel." Upon returning home, he gave his blessing to the accreditation of an American ambassador less than three years after expelling four U.S. diplomats on charges of spying. And last week in their capital city of Maputo, which has been blasted three times by South African raids, Mozambique officials began formal talks with their counterparts from South Africa.

The series of meetings between the sworn archenemies may have been prompted more by economic necessity than ideological choice. With a per capita gross national product of \$140 (compared with around \$14,000 in the U.S.), Mozambique remains one of the world's poorest nations. Ongoing problems of mismanagement, corruption, lack of skilled workers and faulty agricultural planning have been compounded by the worst drought in 50 years. Over the past six months as many as 100,000 have died of starvation; 4 million of the country's 12.5 million people still do not have enough to eat. When food aid is sent from abroad, it is frequently blocked by the 10,000-member Mozambique National Resistance (M.N.R.) movement. The insurgents, reportedly backed by South Africa, have been devastating towns and terrifying citizens in

nearly all of Mozambique's ten provinces for five years.

Machel, who became last year the first African President to visit Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov, has not received a great deal of assistance lately from Moscow, which is still furious with him for his peace-seeking European safari. The Soviet Union did, to be sure, give Mozambique \$450 million in military and economic aid between 1978 and 1982. In return, however, it appropriated the country's lucrative fishing industry, along with the income it produced.

That leaves South Africa as the source not only of Mozambique's political unease but also of its potential economic stability. Mozambique still receives most of its consumer goods and industrial supplies from its hated neighbor to the south. Though the number of Mozambicans working in South Africa's mines has fallen by 65% since 1975, some 50,000 are still laboring there, bringing in \$70 million every year. In addition, more than half of the goods passing through the port of Maputo come from the white-ruled republic. Another way for Mozambique to rake in South African rands would be by reopening its doors to tourism, a subject discussed in Pretoria and Maputo last week. Since Mozambique won independence in 1975, wealthy South Africans have been denied access to its big-game hunting, deep-sea fishing and summer houses overlooking the sea.

Economic issues were, however, overshadowed by matters of security during last week's talks. At the close, a joint statement on "good neighborly relations" suggested that Mozambique would prevent the black nationalist African National Congress from attacking South Africa from within its borders, while South Africa would not aid and abet the M.N.R. But good intentions alone may not be enough to dispel old enmities. "That the two ideologically opposed neighbors have met at all is notable in itself," editorialized South Africa's largest daily newspaper, the *Johannesburg Star*. "Miracles take a little longer." ■

WEST GERMANY

Shaky Case

Was it mistaken identity?

From the moment West German Defense Minister Manfred Wörner announced earlier this month that he had fired Four-Star General and Deputy Commander of NATO Günter Kiessling on charges of homosexuality, the issue has been troubling. Last week the case against the general was weakened considerably. What had begun as a titillating scandal was turning into a major political embarrassment for the government of Chancellor Helmut Kohl.

Wörner had reported that eyewitness accounts obtained in a special investigation by German army intelligence agents proved that Kiessling, a bachelor, had long frequented gay bars in Cologne. Under German law, however, homosexuality is not sufficient cause for dismissing officers. Wörner justified his action by arguing that Kiessling had denied his homosexual tendencies; if Kiessling was homosexual and sought to conceal the fact, he would be liable to blackmail.

According to Kiessling, Wörner's charges were nonsense: he was not a homosexual and never had been. The general's statement gained credence when Cologne police announced that they had located a soldier bearing a resemblance to Kiessling who had often been seen at the bars in question, raising the possibility that the general was a victim of mistaken identity. Then came the suggestion that he might even have been framed. According to Cologne's newspaper *Express*, a gay-bar patron swore that he had been offered \$7,000 by army agents to testify that he had had sexual relations with Kiessling. The assertion was immediately denied by the West German military.

Called before the Bundestag's Defense Committee to explain, Wörner admitted his decision to retire Kiessling had been influenced by a second factor: concern over "personal differences" between the German general and NATO's supreme commander, U.S. General Bernard Rogers. Angered, Bonn's legislators launched an extensive nonpartisan investigation.

For Kohl, the problem comes at an awkward moment. In December, Economics Minister Count Otto Lambsdorff was charged with engineering a huge tax break for the Flick industrial conglomerate in return for contributions to his Free Democrat Party. Kohl promised that Lambsdorff would resign if the case goes to trial. Even if Wörner can prove his allegations, he too faces mounting pressure to resign. The loss of either minister would bring a shake-up in Kohl's moderate-right coalition government. ■



Kiessling

World

HONG KONG

Looking Ahead

China drops hints about 1997

Seven times since September 1982, negotiators from China and Britain have gathered in Peking to discuss what will happen to Hong Kong after 1997, when the British lease on 90% of the territory expires. Seven times they have emerged with vague statements that their discussions proved "useful and constructive." But with the eighth round of talks due to begin this week in Peking, Chinese officials mysteriously became quite forthcoming. In San Francisco last week, Premier Zhao Ziyang declared that "Hong Kong will remain unchanged for at least 50 years after 1997." In an interview in the authoritative Peking weekly magazine *Outlook* (circ. 300,000), a Chinese spokesman on Hong Kong, Ji Pengfei, outlined a remarkably specific blueprint for absorbing that tiny outpost of capital-

ism into the vast citadel of Communism.

The gist of Ji's proposal is that under Article 31, introduced into the Chinese constitution 13 months ago, the British crown colony would become a "special administrative zone." As such, Hong Kong would remain a free port and retain its convertible dollar. The economic interests of Britain and other countries would, says Ji, be guaranteed by law. In addition, a locally selected administration would exercise independent judicial power and control its own system of passports and visas. All the new top officials would be Hong Kong residents of Chinese ancestry.

Beneath its surface, Ji's statement delivered pointed messages to a variety of listeners. It told Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who seems prepared to concede the sovereignty issue but hopes to see British officials running Hong Kong even after 1997, that she may be disappointed. By reiterating that "all policies toward Hong Kong can also be applied to Taiwan, and Taiwan may receive even more favorable terms," Zhao made apparent

China's yearning to tempt Taiwan back into the administrative fold. In addition, the public optimism was doubtless designed to reassure Hong Kong's notoriously jumpy financial markets. When negotiations were foundering last year, the Hang Seng stock market index dipped 25% in three months, down to 785.48; after last week's comments, the market index soared above 1000 for the first time since August.

Yet the issue is by no means resolved. Even if Britain accepts a proposal similar to Ji's outline, how will a smooth transition be worked out? Will the Chinese be as liberal in practice as they are on paper? How, above all, can a country famous for its recent history of revolutions, revisions, upheavals and counterrevolutions guarantee the stability of the independent-minded city-state over the next 63 years? Says a Hong Kong Chinese who has moved his residence to the U.S.: "If the Chinese could guarantee 50 years without change in Hong Kong, they would not be Communists. They would be capitalists." ■



Effective Warnings

The 18,000 spectators in Peking's Capital Stadium hissed and strained their necks as officials tried out a dozen prisoners accused of murder, rape and thievery, then summarily condemned them to death. Less than an hour later, in a field on the city's outskirts, a police firing squad swiftly carried out the sentences.

Last week's mass trial and its grisly aftermath were only the latest in a nationwide crackdown on crime that has resulted in 100,000 arrests and some 5,000 executions since

August. The campaign reflects fears that China's traditionally placid society is threatened by an outbreak of violence, signaled by an upsurge in muggings and sexual assaults.

Most Chinese seem to welcome the government's harsh response. "We must execute one as a warning to a hundred," editorialized one Canton newspaper, the *Yancheng Evening News*. To make sure there is no misunderstanding about its intentions, the government has been posting photos of executions, like the ones above, throughout the country. The warning seems to be having a chilling effect: criminal cases during September and October dropped by 42% compared with the same period in 1982.

THE KIND OF CAR ENGINEERS BUILD WHEN THEY DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER TO ACCOUNTANTS.



The president of the Volvo Car Corporation is an engineer, not an accountant.

So when it came to designing a totally new Volvo, his consuming interest lay in designing a great car, not a cheap car.

The result is the Volvo 760 GLE.

Our accountants screamed because the interior of this new car came in over budget. Fortunately, our engineers screamed louder.

Result: orthopedically-designed front bucket seats that adjust in 16 different directions. And a climate control system so

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A Volvo engineer named Larsson came up with an entirely new design for a rear suspension. Our accountants claimed it was too expensive. (An 18" scale model alone cost \$60,000.) But it also allowed for an incredible degree of quietness and comfort. So our engineers got their suspension.

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The closest thing yet to a perfect car.

CAMEL

LIGHTS



9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Camel Lights.
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World

FRANCE

Big Stink

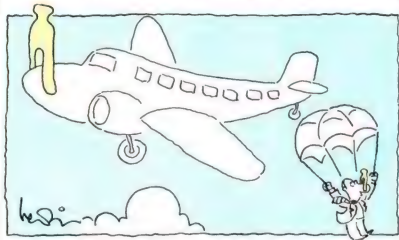
Scandal over "sniffer planes"

An issue are two electronic devices. A code-named Delta and Omega. When mounted in an airplane, they were supposed to be able to detect undersea oil deposits from altitudes as high as 21,000 ft. Elf-Aquitaine, France's state-owned petroleum company, spent more than \$150 million for research and development on the equipment in the 1970s. Yet no oil was ever found. In fact, there is no evidence that the expensive devices worked at all. A Belgian count who sold them to Elf has vanished, along with the money. As a result, the leftist government of President François Mitterrand is accusing its center-right predecessor of lying and incompetence, an investigation has been launched, and the French public

government decided that it might be useful for detecting submarines. Villegas signed the first of a number of contracts with Elf-Aquitaine, and payments were made into secret Swiss bank accounts.

The deal came unraveled in 1978, when an independent expert hired by Elf declared that Delta and Omega were useless. Former Premier Barre approved a secret investigation, and a report was issued. Chief Government Accountant Bernard Beck discreetly shredded his three copies of the report when he retired in 1982, only Giscard and Barre are known to have kept copies, which they took with them into private life.

Barre finally made a copy available to the government (Giscard still has not). At a Jan. 2 news conference, Premier Pierre Mauroy waved the document before the cameras while he accused the Giscard government of being duped and then trying to engineer a



is savoring the oddest political scandal in years.

The sniffer-planes affair leaped into public attention last month with an article in the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné*. The Mitterrand government, under fire for its management of the limp French economy, suddenly found itself in a position to lambaste the previous administration, led by Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. But even before Mitterrand could capitalize on the disclosure, Giscard went on national television to deny any wrongdoing. He implied that others, notably his Premier, Raymond Barre, were more directly involved. Barre, in response, insisted that the affair had to remain shrouded in secrecy "for defense reasons."

The mess evidently began in 1968, when Aldo Bonassoli, a telephone-company electrician in Ventimiglia, Italy, convinced Count Alain de Villegas, a wealthy private investor, that he could develop a technique for discovering oil from the air. A French intelligence agent learned of the project, and the Giscard

cover-up. Since then, the war of words has escalated. In another TV broadside, Giscard declaimed: "François Mitterrand is no longer qualified to represent the country. The present government came to power through lies. It is trying to maintain itself by lies." Disdaining a reply, Mitterrand has preferred, as the pro-government daily *Le Monde* put it, "to preserve his virginity in this affair while encouraging the government to move to the front with it." Meanwhile, Count de Villegas's château outside Brussels was burglarized last week, and his files were rifled by what Belgian police describe as "professionals" in Ventimiglia. Italian authorities offered police protection to would-be inventor Bonassoli after noticing unknown people around his house. Bonassoli, who left Villegas's employ in 1979 after a falling-out over money, reported that he is still perfecting the oil-detection device. But, says he, "I won't work with the French again. They mix science and politics. I am a scientist; politics does not interest me." ■

CANADA

2, 12, 29...

Now who's won the lottery?

I was the most furious gold rush since the Gay Nineties. Canadians queued up in the bitter cold, frequently for hours at a time, uncharacteristically quarreling with one another, while waiting impatiently to buy tickets. Americans thronged across the border to get in on the game as well. After six weeks of mounting suspense and a burgeoning jackpot, lottery-ticket sales reached \$115 million. But more than a week after the top-prize combination of six numbers was announced, the winner of a \$11 million Canadian lottery had still not stepped forward. Norman Morris, president of the Ontario Lottery Corp., said that he felt "very much like the person who threw a party and the guest of honor didn't come." Some party. Some honor.

To be sure, as Morris added, the ticket holder was "facing a fairly traumatic experience." One consideration was personal safety, a fear of kidnapers or extortionists. Another was the inevitable onslaught of promoters, cranks and schemers, all pledging their devotion to the winner's good fortune. Lottery officials cautioned the winner not to reveal the fact until the ticket had been presented to them.

The lottery payoff was the largest for a single ticket yet recorded in the U.S. or Canada. To play Lotto 6/49, ticket buyers chose six numbers between 1 and 49. The prize money mounted as each drawing failed to produce a winning number. The fever touched nearly everyone. Winnipeg Art Dealer Alan de Boer seemed to say it all when, finding himself in a lottery line, he admitted, "This is unbelievable. It is against my nature."

Of course, the winner could turn out to be an American, and under certain circumstances a most unlucky one. It is illegal to bring lottery tickets into the U.S., so Customs agents confiscated tickets when they were declared by returning travelers. Most people were given the chance to take the tickets back to Canada, but some of them were destroyed after being seized. Against odds calculated at 135.7 million to 1, only one \$1 ticket had the winning combination: 2, 12, 29, 31, 44, 46. No one has calculated the odds of that ticket having been shredded by a Customs agent.

Canadians can keep their winnings tax free. An American would have to pay about half the winnings in U.S. taxes. Like most participants, Marc Lafleche of Montreal did not regret the week's wages he wagered. "Drawings like this are the only way the little guy can dream about a better life," he said. John Thorne, 21, an unemployed laborer, can do more than dream. Thorne took his collection of 1,100 pennies to the bank, exchanged them for dollar bills and spent the \$11 on lottery tickets. He was one of the ten second-prize winners who got \$354,784 each. Now who's No. 1? ■



Here We



Even after four years, it comes back in a sweep. All it takes is one glimpse of a hockey shirt with U.S.A. planted on the front, and suddenly the scene re-erupts in the mind: sticks waved like flags, teammates hugging, a crowd in sweet tears. Odd for the summertime nation that a Winter Olympics provided such a memorable moment in sports, so memorable that half of us still swear that we beat the Russians, not the Finns, in the finals. But winter plays tricks with the senses. If we didn't know better, it would appear that those people are actually traveling on their sides in a bobsled at 75 m.p.h., and sailing off a 90-meter platform on skis, poised in

the air like flying hinges, and plunging furiously down a mountain, making erratic Zs among poles stuck in the snow.

Within hours of the opening ceremonies, one will be saying such words as "biathlon" again, and talking of Nordic skiing and the luge. A foreign language for Americans, who in a sense return to the Old World on these occasions, or a dream version of that world, to European movie kingdoms where athletes really do come from Liechtenstein. For 1984: Sarajevo. (Henceforth no schoolchild will be stumped on that

Go Again !

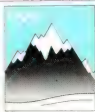
World War I question.) Not our neck of the woods exactly. Yet Americans will be neither out of place nor outclassed this year, even if we will not see Eric Heiden wearing his five gold medals like a Titan's necklace, or pumping his arms in the golden suit that appeared welded to his body. Not that his outfit was wilder than anyone else's in this ice capade: goggle-eyed skiers in interplanetary helmets, figure skaters sprayed with sequins spinning in electric blues, the brash colors seeming to make a protest against the frozen season.

Which may account for a basic appeal of these sports: their headlong assault on the weather. Or maybe it is the controlled craziness of the events. On surfaces difficult enough to walk on upright do these people race, leap, whirl, swerve, and then add an extra unnatural measure of defiance by going airborne. Fanatics. Only a spill proves them mortal. So reckless is their attitude that, watching them, one barely believes in the danger. Then someone's momentum is shattered, and a kid lies piled up in his skis like a broken bird. Silence replaces wonder.

Or then again, it may be the silence that holds us in the first place, and not the speed. Skaters whooshing slightly, skis barely cracking the snow's shell. Take away the crowds from these Olympics, and there would be very little to hear but your own heart racing. Until the closing ceremonies, when the nations who first entered the stadium as if parading before the galaxy, block by formal block, break ranks, and the competitors, chanting raucously off-key, embrace one another in the most disorderly conduct. Pure mush, of course. Clichés down the line. So why are you smiling?

—By Roger Rosenblatt





No Saint-Moritz or Innsbruck, Sarajevo until now was famous only for an assassination that led to World War I. Moreover, many doubted the Yugoslavs could ever organize an Olympics. But after two years of work, with even the army pitching in, the bobsled run is built, the TV cables are installed and the slivovitz is ready to flow. Almost all that remains to be done is to light the torch, signaling the start of the XIV Winter Games.

Rolling Out the Red Carpet

"I believe we are completely ready to host the Games"

The Winter Olympic Games, as anyone who has attended these wondrous chilblain festivals will testify, can be counted on for natural and man-made disasters of a kind unmatched since the early days of polar exploration. The arresting uncertainty every four years is not whether a pickup team of U.S. hockey players can confound the world by winning again, or even whether the Olympic committee can exceed its previous stuffiness in the matter of amateurism (it can: two champion skiers, Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark and Liechtenstein's Hanni Wenzel, were ruled out of this Olympics for accepting their loot too directly). No, what is fascinating is to learn whether the harried and exasperated hosts, driven googly by the problems of cossetting tens

of thousands of athletes and their keepers and watchers in a region where even lichen feel uncomfortable, will drink up all the booze in their country before competition starts.

Heartening news: two weeks before the first puck is to drop in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia (for the first of six hockey games to be played Feb. 7, the day before the opening ceremonies), the supply of slivovitz, a high-octane schnapps made from plums, is still holding out. *Zivjeli!* ("Bottoms up!" in Serbo-Croatian). All reserves may be needed, however, before the closing ceremony, Feb. 19. The proud and fiery Yugoslavs have quelled their tendency to airy improvisation, and they have succeeded against considerable odds in transforming an amiable Balkan backwater into a cred-

ible third-rank winter resort. This is a lot higher up in the rankings than any visitor to the grim and snowless 1980 Olympics would place Lake Placid, N.Y. (First-rank resorts like Saint-Moritz or Sun Valley generally don't want the Olympics these days. Why disrupt an already profitable business?)

Thus the Games will open on schedule in a mood of well-justified gaiety and self-congratulation among the Yugoslavs. Branko Mikulic, the forceful fist banger who is president of Yugoslavia's Olympic Organizing Committee, and a former president of Bosnia-Herzegovina, of which Sarajevo is the capital, guaranteed the complete success of the Games and then went off to give his staff a dressing down described as "thunderous" on

On a clear day you can see Sarajevo sparkling, but the town is more often hidden under fog



some unspecified subject. "I believe we are completely ready to host the Games," insists one official. Still it was true that there were a few minor shortcomings. Sarajevo's new Holiday Inn had been invaded by a tribe of rats with the instincts of Albanian terrorists, and they were giving ground only slowly before the plates of poisoned food left in the halls by the staff. The comfortable apartments reserved for ABC television people on the sixth floor of the new press living quarters were all ready—comfortable is what you get if you pay \$91.5 million of the \$140 million budgeted to put on the Games, which is what ABC did—but the elevator that was supposed to reach them was not working. It was almost impossible to make a transatlantic phone call unless you could explain your needs in Serbo-Croatian. Hotel cashiers prudently refused to accept payment in anything but dinars.

These were trifles. What mattered was that ski lifts rose and racing trails plunged where none had existed two years before, that suitably awesome ski jumps and a bob and luge run had been built, that the ice of an elegant skating complex had already been tested by joyous Sarajevoans, and that the city's householders had been persuaded—very firmly, the rumor goes—to vacate their homes for those of the expected 25,000 tourists who could not be accommodated by hotels. And what mattered more than anything else was that at last it had snowed. Half a meter of wet, soggy stuff fell as the year began, just right for foot packing on the racing trails by Yugoslav troops whose fathers and grandfathers had fought



Local youths rehearse the opening ceremony in new Zetra complex

with Marshal Tito's partisans in World War II. Fear of snowlessness haunts the Winter Olympics. Scanty snow at the Olympic men's downhill trials at Sarajevo last winter finally persuaded the doubtful Yugoslavs to buy enough Swiss snow-making equipment to cover a 5-km cross-country loop in an emergency, though not enough for the Alpine racecourses. But this year's first snowfall looked so good to staffers at the Sarajevo Olympics headquarters that a bunch of them ran out of the building as the flakes started coming down and began dancing.

Vast pine forests overhang the valleys of the Miljacka and Bosna rivers, effectively isolating the ski competition sites from the fog and clatter of the city. The women's Alpine races will be held at

Mount Jahorina, for years a minor ski resort running somewhat sleepily 28 km southeast of Sarajevo. About the same distance to the southwest, the 70- and 90-meter jumps have been cut into the wooded hillsides below 1,600-meter Mount Igman. The 15-km cross-country course winds through the peaceful beauty of this isolated place, and if good snow cover allows the entire course to be used, its relative steepness of 120 meters should please Bill Koch and the other Americans who excel on downhill stretches. There is no log-cabin rusticity to the quarters built for Nordic skiers; their roost is a spectacular 500-bed hotel daringly cantilevered out from a buttress of Mount Igman.

There was nothing but an old storm-battered weather station at Mount Bjelaš-

GRACE



nica, 10 km beyond the Nordic trails, when the Yugoslavs began to prepare for the Olympics. Since then they have cut ski trails out of the forest and built lifts enough for the crowds of tourists they hope will follow the racers. When they discovered that the men's downhill race-course was 9 meters shy of the 800-meter vertical drop required by international ski-racing rules, they brought Balkan ingenuity to bear by building a restaurant on top of the mountain and installing the starting gate inside the restaurant. Racers can put down their coffee cups and plunge downward at a 51° angle that seems almost vertical, able to see only the first control gate. Welcome to the Bosnian big leagues.

As the hours tick away toward Feb. 7, and chores accomplished are crossed off lists, the easygoing mood of the late fall is changing to edgy watchfulness. Metal detectors are appearing in doorways, and if not all of them are connected yet, no one points this out to the unsmiling guards who gravely check their blank video screens, just for practice. Tomasek Juric, the impassive head of security who was once a bodyguard for Tito, flatly guarantees the safety of everyone who will be here. Even at the trials, his operatives were impressive; when someone among the Austrian downhillers set off a cherry bomb in the lobby of their hotel (standard *après-ski* joshing among downhillers, who are considered by other skiers to be mad), the place filled with police instantly. "Ha-ha-ha," went the Austrians. "Ha-ha-[long pause] ha." No further cherry bombs have been detonated.

On Mount Bjelašnica, some 500 soldiers were packing the racecourses, steadily enduring the 5°F cold and the eternal winds. It was a time to be philosophical; at least no one was shooting at them. In Sarajevo, members of a student volunteer brigade goofed and joked as they worked without undue haste at shoveling snow from the center of Kosovo Stadium. Mirjan Jarovic, 15, a student at the Yaroslav Cernyi technical school, took the arrival of a visitor as a splendid opportunity to lean on his shovel and sneak a smoke. He said he had been chosen for the work detail because he was so smart that he would not fall behind in school. His volunteer supervisor, Muharen Corba, 27, was smart too. Good-naturedly he yelled at Mirjan and his friends, who were throwing snowballs and pushing each other in wheelbarrows, to get on with the job. More noise, more snowballs and cheeky adolescent goofing, and then the job of getting ready for visitors resumed.

Even though
Assassin
Princip is long
gone, a bridge
honors him



Until recently, the citizens of Sarajevo did not realize that they lacked a bob and luge run—in fact such a marvel did not exist in all of Yugoslavia—but now they have one, on the wooded slopes of 1,629-meter Mount Trebević, one of the big, round-shouldered hills that guard Sarajevo on three sides. There is also a fine new indoor skating complex, an assertively modern structure with brown, smoked reflecting glass in the entryways and windows and, in the manner of the Pompidou Center in Paris, intentionally exposed ventilation pipes visible outside. Near by, a big, new outdoor speed-skating oval is boldly supported by 400 concrete pillars above a storage cover for snowplows and TV equipment.

Does this quantity of building and preparing mean that if the snow stays intact, all the remaining problems can be solved by an elevator repairman and a courageous exterminator? Of course not. The Sarajevo airport, for instance, is absurd. Fog rolls in almost every day just in time to delay or cancel the plane from Belgrade. A radar landing system

was installed recently, but pilots who have managed to reach the city say that it often does not work. Landing-strip lights wink out during the nation's power brownouts. Trains sound like a good idea, but one New York visitor learned to his bafflement that it is not possible while still outside Yugoslavia to book a first-class train seat for a journey within Yugoslavia—Zagreb to Sarajevo, for example.

Transportation problems will not be over for those who actually make it to Sarajevo, because the narrow, bumpy roads out to the distant Alpine and cross-country events were overstrained during last year's trials. Some snow-removal equipment

has been brought from Austria and Switzerland, but a big dump of snow could shatter even the Olympic omnilingual outdoor cursing record set four years ago at Lake Placid, during a work stoppage by bus drivers hired for the Games. Transportation of live spectators is admittedly not a high-priority matter. Any Winter Olympics is and should be a TV spectacle. If you have great luck or clout, you may get a couple of the few non-press and non-big-shot seats at a hockey game or a figure-skating competition, but there is just no way to watch more than a fragment of a ski race in person. Ski jumping is splendid for eyeball-viewing—all those figures flying through the air—but the races are hopeless. Flat or steep, it does not matter; you pick a good turn and watch the bodies come over the hill or out of the trees, zip, zip. Did you see Bill Koch or Phil Mahre make his move? Not a chance, unless you were back at the hotel watching on the tube.

Thus even for those who attend, much of Sarajevo will be what it is for the rest of the world: a channel number on a TV dial.

Look out of your hotel window and see minarets from the days of Muslim rule, or great silent stands of pine; turn on the box and see minarets, pines, skiers and Jim McKay. For the athletes, this turbulent and beautiful place cannot be allowed to become more than a peripheral strangeness, to be shut out with ease or with difficulty, according to temperament. For the skaters, ice is ice, if it is cooled to the right temperature and the East European judges are not too hostile. For the skiers, the runs are slightly tamer than World Cup racecourses usually are, but this is true for any Olympics; you cannot have the inexperienced skiers who show up to race every four years (Turks, Greeks and Chinese are entered) kill themselves on downhill runs like the frightening Hahnenkamm at Kitzbühel. Winds are notoriously bad here, and after wind



caused the cancellation of the women's giant slalom at last year's trials, big storm fences were ordered for the races. They may or may not help against gales fully capable of holding ski-lift chairs out parallel to the ground, like wash on a line. Otherwise, snow is snow.

Being chosen to hold the Olympics is important to Yugoslavs, and not because they are fanatical skating and skiing fans. Watching soccer is the big sport here, and smoking in cafés and schmoozing about soccer are the big winter sports. It is true that Bojan Krizaj, the flashy blond who finished fourth at Lake Placid in the giant slalom, is something of a hero, and that no one can be found who does not expect him to win a gold medal. That would be nice, in the local view, but if Krizaj succeeds, he will not get a hotel of his own, an Austrian ski heroes do. This is Bosnia, after all, and Krizaj is a miserably Slovenian.

Such fierce factional currents, swirling among the country's six highly independent republics, two autonomous provinces, three mutually antagonistic religions (Muslim, Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox) and five quarrelsome language groups (Serbo-Croatian, Slovenian, Macedonian, Albanian and Hungarian), are usually cited as Yugoslavia's incurable weakness. Undeniable, but surviving such a weakness thus far has surely made surviving between East and West seem relatively simple. Since Tito was expelled from the Cominform in 1948 for refusing to bend to Stalin's will, Yugoslavs have boasted that they are answerable to no one. Including themselves, it has often seemed. Contradictions are seen everywhere: the Communist Party rules without opposition, but a clever entrepreneur can become a millionaire. The secret police "control practically all social life," as the famed dissident Milovan Djilas recently told TIME, but criticism of a fairly caustic kind is often permitted in the press.

What everyone agrees on is that the economy is troubled, with a debt of \$20 billion to Western banks and an inflation rate that is edging toward 50%, and with good wine sometimes in steadier supply than items like coffee. An austerity program instituted by Prime Minister Milka Planinc, sometimes known as the Margaret Thatcher of Yugoslavia, may help. But a source of dollars is needed, and that, not very mysteriously, is where the Olympic Games come in. ABC's big payment, and such corporate dollups as Coca-Cola's \$3 million (for the right to be called the official 1984 Olympic soft drink), will cover virtually all the costs, which is much more satisfactory than borrowing from the International Monetary Fund. When the last downhill sags over his poles and the Olympic torch goes out, Sarajevo will have a new, salable and debt-free winter resort to attract foreign tourists, who so far know only the summer beaches around Dubrovnik. Nobody ever said that the Bosnians lacked shrewdness.

—By John Skow.

Reported by John Moody/Sarajevo

When Sarajevo Triggered a War

At the most famous spot in Sarajevo, where the Appel Quay once met the Latin Bridge that crossed the gentle Miljacka River, there now stand two footprints embedded in the concrete sidewalk. The bridge today is called the Princip Bridge, for these two footprints mark the place where Gavrilo Princip, a gaunt, sallow student of 19, stood and fired the pistol shots that, as one historian put it, took seven million lives.

Princip's 1914 assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian empire, put Europe on the way to World War I, but Sarajevo has been a crossroads of violence for centuries. The Romans conquered the site in the 1st century A.D., the Slavs invaded in the 6th and the Turks in the 15th.

The Turks, whose legacy is still strong today, built Sarajevo into a flourishing provincial capital. Its very name derives from *saraj*, the Turkish word for palace. The Turks built the cobblestoned medieval marketplace and the surrounding old town now known as the *bašaršija*, and the handsome mosque of Gazi Husref Beg, the finest in the Balkans.

Being an outpost of the Turkish empire meant being of interest to the Hapsburgs' Austro-Hungarian empire, which annexed the whole region known as Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1878. The Hapsburgs' new subjects retained them, and many put their nationalistic hopes on the neighboring kingdom of Serbia.

To them, Archduke Franz Ferdinand appeared a worthy target. Arrogant and hot-tempered, he was an unpopular prince. And on his state visit to the south, accompanied by his wife Sophie, he was highly vulnerable. The route of his procession to the town hall that June 28 was widely known; his open touring car made him an easy mark. Each of the seven assassins stationed along the route carried a pistol, a bomb and a vial of cyanide to swallow if captured.

At the first bridge, where the first two attackers were supposed to strike, nothing happened. They had been paralyzed by fear. When the third flung his bomb at the archduke, it hit the following car, wounding an aide.

Princip, standing at the next bridge, heard the roar and assumed that the attack had succeeded. He was caught unprepared when the procession drove right past him to the town hall, with the archduke alive and well. Princip wandered off to a coffeehouse to console himself, then drifted back to the riverbank.

At the town hall, the archduke complained angrily. "Mr. Mayor, I came here on a visit, and I get bombs thrown at me," he declared. "It is outrageous." But the police assured him that they had everything under control. The only added security precaution was to change the return route of the imperial procession. But the bungling police forgot to tell the chauffeur of the lead car about the change, so he made a wrong turn at the bridge into a narrow alley, then had to stop and back out. That maneuver forced the archduke's car to a halt, right where Princip happened to be standing. "I got hold of my handgun and aimed it at the car without really looking," Princip later testified. "I even looked away when I fired."

One fatal shot hit the archduke in the jugular vein, the other struck the archduchess in the abdomen. From the archduke's throat a thin stream of blood spurted onto the face of an aide. "For God's sake, what has happened to you?" the archduchess cried out to her stricken husband. "Then she sank down from her seat," the aide recalled. "His Royal Highness said, 'Soferl, Soferl! Don't die. Live for my children.'" The aide grasped the slumping archduke by the collar and asked if he were in great pain. The dying archduke said, "It is nothing," then repeated that six or seven times until the words turned into "a convulsive rattle."

Princip swallowed his cyanide pill, but it did him little harm. Neither did the authorities who convicted him of murder but could not execute him because he was a minor. Sentenced to 20 years, he died of tuberculosis in prison in 1918. By then, the war that started with a punitive Austrian attack on Serbia had bled all of Europe white. But Princip's deed did finally achieve its purpose. In the redrawing of maps that followed the war, the Austro-Hungarian empire dissolved into fragments; both Serbia and Bosnia were included in the new state of Yugoslavia.

That did not end the fighting, of course. When Hitler invaded Yugoslavia in 1941, Sarajevo and its mountains became a center of fierce resistance. Both German and Allied bombers raided the city. Nearly 15% of its inhabitants died in the war. The Slavs remember such things proudly. That is why Princip, who is regarded by most of the world as a fanatic, is commemorated here by the two footprints near the river.



The archduke on his last ride



The U.S. usually comes away from the Winter Olympics with a pocketful of gold medals, most often won by athletes with skates on their feet. But at these Games both Alpine and Nordic skiers have a solid chance to climb onto the winner's platform.

Clear the Way For the U.S.A.

"We have to work harder and cowboy it out"

It is only for two weeks every four years that most sports fans in the U.S. pay attention to international snowball fights. So even though he was a speed-skating idol in Amsterdam long before 1980, Eric Heiden of the Golden Skates was an astounding discovery at home. One charm of the Winter Olympics is the inexpert opinion, maybe not completely mistaken, that the athletes in these neglected sports come close to some lost ideal, possibly even amateurism. Against a bright backdrop of ignored ski jumpers trying to fly with Finns, and irrefutable luge racers careering down icy troughs, young hockey players good enough to beat the U.S.S.R. can be taken for children, even after they disperse and report directly to the National Hockey League.

Well, innocence may be catching up with America, because the U.S. is certainly gaining on the cold world. The team of 120 athletes headed for Sarajevo is flush with champions, and not only skaters this time, although there is a bumper haul of those, but skiers too. Count them, seven current or recent world titleholders: Alpine Skiers Phil Mahre, Steve Mahre and Tamara McKinney, Figure Skaters Scott Hamilton, Rosalynn Sumners and Elaine Zayak, and Nordic Cross-Country Skier Bill Koch. Once the American public finds out that there is also a Nordic combined event and that it involves a 70-meter leap one day along with a 15-km mush the next, who will believe that just about the best in the world at the moment is someone from Colorado named Kerry Lynch? Vermonter Jeff Hastings, one of those ski-jumping birdmen only casually acquainted with gravity, won a World Cup event in December at Lake Placid. Not only are hopes high, but the cause for hope is real and a bit exhilarating (see following stories).

In Phil Mahre and McKinney, the U.S. boasts both overall 1983 World Cup champions in Alpine skiing, an astonishing double in a sport that has been essentially the property of Western Europe. As of four years ago, Marilyn Cochran's

giant-slam title in 1969 constituted the Americans' solitary accomplishment in any of the three World Cup disciplines: slalom, giant slalom and downhill racing. While winning three overall championships since 1980, Mahre has skied away with three individual World Cup titles, and his twin brother Steve is a past world champion in the giant slalom. While both Mahres have begun the young season poorly, Phil standing 62nd and Steve 45th on the World Cup charts, they appear undismayed. Finding the groove can be like reaching up and flicking on a switch. In any order, the Mahres are capable of finishing one-two in either of the slaloms. Actually, it was Steve who won a World Cup slalom race last week in Parpan, Switzerland, though a mix-up of bib numbers with his brother disqualified him. Phil imagines the reason that he is the greater success is "maybe just because Steve didn't want to be. I was more on course while he was still deciding how he felt about ski racing."

McKinney is the first American woman to win an overall World Cup, and is also the giant-slam champion. This season has likewise started slowly for her (seventh place), but last week in Maribor, Yugoslavia, McKinney followed Swiss Rival Erika Hess by just six-hundredths of a second, more than a good sign. "In the summer there was not much snow," McKinney says, "and I felt like I was training all the time. I think I got worn down by it." The trainer of the women's team, John Atkins, says, "If we put in the same amount of work as the Europeans, we would not have a prayer. We have to work harder, sweat more and cowboy it out. More and more, the elegant, pretty skiing doesn't make it. What wins is the slam and bash and amazing recoveries. When you have 90 women with pretty much the same ability at the top of a hillside, the ones who are going to make it down first are those who take the risks without thinking about it."

Joining McKinney among the well bruised are Christin Cooper, a slalom and



YARBROUGH—TEAM RUSSELL

**PHIL
MAHRE**

1980 slalom silver medalist and three-time overall World Cup winner, from White Pass, Wash.





TAMARA MCKINNEY

1983 overall World Cup titlist, from Lexington, Ky.

giant-sialom specialist who sometimes outshines Tamara, and Downhiller Maria Maricich. If Veteran Cindy Nelson is recovered from a knee injury, she is strong across the board.

The men may have found themselves a downhiller. Last week at Wengen, Switzerland, Bill Johnson scored the first World Cup victory ever by an American man in a downhill, despite screeching off course on one ski almost into the woods (talk about slam, dash and amazing recoveries). Austrian Franz Klammer was annoyed. If the Americans are going to start winning downhills, truly nothing is sacred any more.

U.S. figure skaters usually invest all their hopes in one particular woman and, lately, no special man, but this time there are two eminent females, 1983 World Champion Rosalynn Summers and 1982 World Champion Elaine Zayak, as well as the world's best male skater for the past three years, Scott Hamilton. A compact

strongman, Hamilton should be the royal presence in these games and is thought to have a Heiden's lock on the first U.S. men's singles gold medal since David Jenkins won in 1960.

American women regard the singles figure-skating competition the way the Austrians do the downhill. In the land of Peggy Fleming, Dorothy Hamill, Carol Heiss and Tenley Albright, the silver-medal performance by Linda Fratianne at Lake Placid four years ago was considered a slip-up (the gold went to East German Anett Pöttsch). But it is not standard for U.S. women to be fighting among themselves the way they are now; so evenly, that is, Summers beat Zayak in the 1982 nationals, only to have Zayak rebound a few weeks later at the Worlds, and a sequined hair-pull has been in progress ever since.

At last week's U.S. championships in Salt Lake City, after Hamilton had skated

to victory with immaculate control, the competition among the women took a toll. Summers won, though not impressively, and an obviously tired Zayak fell twice during her free-skating exhibition, winding up third behind promising Tiffany Chin, 16, of San Diego.

Figure skating actually predates the Winter Games as an Olympic sport. When Baron Pierre de Coubertin revived brotherhood in 1896, he forgot to take temperature into account. Figure skating first appeared at the Summer Games in 1908, and brought hockey along in 1920. It was not until four years later that Nordic skiing, speed skating and bobsledding joined them for the first winter pageant, the others straggling in later, the biathlon (skiing riflemen) not until 1960, the luge 1964. But the premiere event is still the first figure skating.

Considering that their sport, or art, is based on stability, skaters' emotions seem as fragile as snowflakes. Many of the par-



SCOTT HAMILTON

Three-time world champion, from Bowling Green, Ohio

ticipants appear as softly vulnerable as the star-crossed couple of Lake Placid. Randy Gardner and Tai Babilonia. Something at the base of this light and lovely sport is dark and disturbing. At tender ages, children by the pair are instructed how to hold on to each other as intimately as a man and woman, to hang on for dear life and try not to fall. When dropped, they shatter. Olympic athletes in almost all of the various sports heed nutritionists and other modern helpers, but the figure skaters make the best use of psychologists.

The American pair, Peter and Kitty Carruthers, have a chance to win a medal. If Ice Dancer Michael Seibert has fully recovered from mononucleosis, he and Partner Judy Blumberg could do better than that. Ice dancing is less dangerous (no throwing one's partner) but requires as much practice, more than Seibert's illness has permitted. In an intriguing adaptation of Professor Harold Hill's "think"

system, Seibert and Blumberg have been practicing in their minds. "Sounds crazy," she says, "but it works." At Salt Lake City, his stamina was fine, and their winning performance was beautiful.

The Olympians with the hardest act to follow, of course, are the hockey players. A committee of coaches, National Hockey League scouts and other experts began the selection process by composing a list of the 80 top amateur players (some 30 of them N.H.L. draftees). They were evaluated in competitions at the National Sports Festival in each of the off years, and last July a team of 27 was selected largely by Coach Lou Vairo, a jovial former shinny player from that hockey hotbed Brooklyn. The star of the team, the center of "the Diaper Line," is Pat LaFontaine, 18, the No. 1 draft choice of the New York Islanders.

Before ever contemplating a rematch with the Soviets, the U.S. hockey team

must contend with the Czechs, the Canadians and the Finns, all seeded higher. Without the warmth of home ice and the chants of jolly jingoists, the Americans may require more than a miracle this time. "They're going to need all the breaks that we got, and more," says Herb Brooks, who coached the gold-medal team. "We had a lot of lucky bounces, and everything seemed to fall into place at the right time."

The Olympic hockey team is handsomely endowed by five major sponsors (Miller beer, Sasson clothes, Isuzu Motors, Bristol-Myers and Chock Full O' Nuts coffee) plus gate and television receipts from its 65-game exhibition tour; one televised match with the Soviet All-Stars in Lake Placid provided \$500,000 of the \$1.3 million budget, about a tenth of which is funded by the U.S. Olympic Committee. The ski team has 23 sponsors (including Oscar de la Renta, Texas Instruments, Subaru) and a \$4.5 million budget. The



KITTY and PETER CARRUTHERS

Four-time U.S. pairs
champions, from
Burlington, Mass.

"amateur" skiers can strike rich endorsement deals as long as the money is paid through the team "for expenses."

Meanwhile, subsisting pretty much on their U.S.O.C. allowances, the biathletes (annual team allotment: \$60,000) buy most of their own bullets and the luge racers (\$90,000) their own sleds. The cost of a sled is between \$800 and \$1,000, and literally anyone who could demonstrate the ability to get from the top to the bottom without mortal injury was eligible to enter pre-Olympic competition; there are ten places on the Olympic team (seven men and three women, no doubles competition among women). Finishing twelfth in the Olympics still qualifies as a triumph for an American sliding downhill feet first on a Flexible Flyer.

The U.S. won five bobsledding gold medals during the '20s, '30s and '40s, but the bitter bobsledders' joke is that some of those crates are getting pretty old. To this enterprise, the U.S.O.C. chips in about

\$100,000 annually, and Corporate Sponsor Lederle Laboratories helps somewhat. But the equipment afforded is far from the best on the mountain. Not just holding down the bobsleds, but holding them down for the count, those good old boys from Saranac Lake, Plattsburgh and Keene Valley in upstate New York are still just about the best bobsledders in the Adirondacks and not quite the worst in the world.

On the alltime winter medal list, Americans stand third (36 gold, 44 silver, 29 bronze: 109) to Norway (50, 54, 48: 152) and the U.S.S.R. (59, 40, 41: 140). There is a rosy hope of adding 15 at Sarajevo, if that should be a huge concern. Cross-Country Skier Koch wishes the media would emulate the solitude of his sport or at least consider the Olympic ideal. "If 100 people enter a race," he says, "that means there have to be 99 losers. The worst thing that you can teach chil-

dren is that so many of them will be losers. Because then they won't even try. It's the striving, the attempt, the fight, that's the important thing." Lynn Spencer-Galanes, half of a husband-wife U.S. Nordic-skiing couple, says, "Nobody knows for sure how much effort really goes into it. Even coaches."

As for financial profit, the marketability of a brand name showing on a ski propped over an Olympic champion's heart is obvious. And an ice show hardly knows what to call a star if she has won nothing more than a silver medal. Frattianne, who performs for *Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom on Ice*, says, "It's kind of the difference between being rich and really rich. Maybe it cost me some money, but all I can say is, now I can live happily ever after."

A hockey player might conceivably raise his price on the basis of one heroic fortnight. Mike Eruzione, the bridge painter and minor leaguer who

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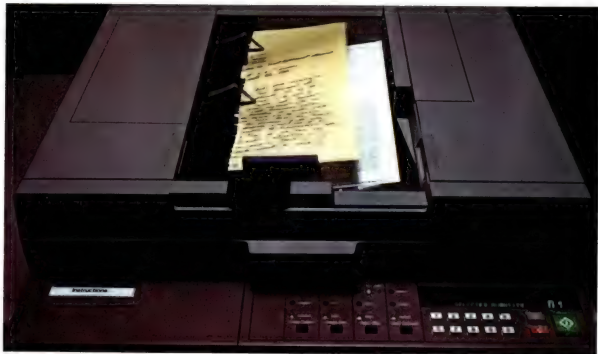
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ELAINE ZAYAK

Former world champion (1982), from Paramus, N.J.

retrieved his amateur status to captain the 1980 team, has made something of a cottage industry out of these moments. There was a quick Coke commercial for Jim Craig, the goalie everyone wrapped in a flag, but the flavor did not last. American Express has just revived the 1980 team: "Do you know us?"

Heiden, who swept five speed-skating gold medals, chose not to capitalize beyond a few polite nods here and there. His sport is as obscure as ever. Even though the U.S. has won 16 speed-skating gold medals, including the first one, by Charles Jewtraw in 1924, few Americans are stirred by so much gliding and arm swinging. Terry McDermott, the skating barber of 1964, and Sheila Young, a highlight of 1976, came around (and around) without cutting any lasting ice. Now Heiden, the greatest speed skater in history—and an American—has flashed through without leaving a trace. Dianne

Holum, the coach of the 18-member speed-skating team, a four-time Olympic medalist herself, laments. "You would hope that after Eric's success the sport would grow. The disappointment is the realization now that it will never happen." The Olympic speed-skating team is in some disarray, quarreling over coaching methods. Several of the male skaters continue to follow defrocked Coach Bob Corby, who offended some of the women by his concern for their weight. Furnished \$500,000 by the U.S.O.C., the speed skaters did not expect a corporate sponsor, and they have none. One thing about speed skaters, though, when they tumble and go sliding into the wall, they always dust off their bottoms and finish the course. Mary Docter and Erik Hendriksen are America's best, but a medal for either will be cause to rejoice.

Inage, America's team members range from 17 to 35, and their occupations are varied: carpenter, state trooper, insurance

agent, Navy frogman. Naturally, there are also a lot of semiprofessional amateurs. Men and women alike, they will come to Yugoslavia dressed as cowboys, in white steinons, fleece-lined shepherds' coats, boots and jeans. This is roughly the same rig the U.S. wore to the opening ceremonies four years ago. The American imagination must know some other variation of bundling up.

But then, the Russians will probably wear the same sealskin furs and resemble happy brown bears again. Olympic Games open and close with parades. The first is always glorious, and the last is usually a little sad. At U.S. sports events, the national anthem is commonly played and generally ignored. But every four years people strain to hear it, and not only does the melody seem improved, but the meaning is clearer in the Alpine air. It is fun to sing to the mountaintops. —By Tom Callahan, Reported by Jamie Murphy/New York and B.J. Phillips with the U.S. figure-skating team, with other bureaus



The leaders of the U.S. ski team, Phil Mahre and Tamara McKinney, have more than World Cup championships in common; along with assorted skiing brothers and sisters, both first took to the slopes when they were not much taller than a ski pole.

Their Success Is All in the Family

"We've spent the major part of our lives in the snow"

The thought of Americans at the top of the mountain is still heady and strange. Alpine skiing is baseball to the Swiss, the Scandinavians and the Liechtensteiners. In the U.S., it is barely lacrosse. Skiing is not a necessity in Lexington, Ky., but the reigning women's overall World Cup champion, Tamara McKinney, is from there. For three years, Phil Mahre of Yakima, Wash., has been the men's overall World Cup king, and his twin, Steve, holds the World Championship gold medal in the giant slalom. Skiers have been spotted in the Cascades before, but none like the Mahres (pronounced mares), who are leading the most promising U.S. team in history to the Winter Olympics in Sarajevo.

At Lake Placid, N.Y., four years ago, Phil took a silver medal in the slalom, just the third Alpine medal collected by an American male in ten Games over 44 years: none has ever won a gold. In 1980 he finished behind the regal Swede Ingemar Stenmark, who also won the giant slalom. Slaloming is weaving through a course described by slender flagpoles. The giant slalom combines all this sideways whooshing with the third Alpine skiing discipline, downhill racing. While Phil also braves the downhill, he has basically followed the concentrated swerves of Stenmark, who has made slalom skiing more than just a specialty.

To understand Phil Mahre and his chances, one must consider Stenmark, who at 27, not far from the peak of his game, has been banned from Sarajevo for having the bad taste not to cover up his amateur income. For him, ski racing has always been a cold business. Since moving to untaxing Monaco four years ago and taking out a commercial license, he has profited by millions at the cost of his Olympic eligibility.

A dozen years ago, the late Olympic blunderbuss Avery Brundage took such umbrage at the proud motives of skiers like Austrian Karl Schranz that he contemplated downgrading the Games' skiing events to mere world championships.

Brundage might barely have tolerated Phil Mahre, 26, who probably makes no more than a six-figure living, legally laundered through the U.S. ski team. Neither money nor celebrity inordinately concerns him. As for gold medals, he says, "I don't know. It's every ski racer's goal. It would be exciting to win one. But I can live without it. To me, walking in the opening ceremonies is the essence of the Olympics. Winning the gold or making a lot of money is not the reason I am in the sport."

Expectations around the Americans have changed. In Europe, no longer are they regarded as just "those nice kids from the U.S." At home, they are the favorites: "Everyone gets involved in an Olympic year," Mahre says with a touch of vinegar, "but we do this year in and year out. The suddenness of the interest is always a little annoying, and all these expectations are not too enjoyable."

He has always skied for no other reason than "the fun of it." His father was encouraging but not insistent. Dave Mahre sadly quit apple growing 22 years ago and took a job managing a ski area in order to support his burgeoning family, which numbers nine children. The Mahre kids were customarily dressed from the lost-and-found at the White Pass lodge, but the scenery was rich. Although school was an hour and a half away, the ski lift was just outside the door. "We finished our homework on the bus," Phil says, "and were off skiing and hiking as soon as we got home. We've spent the major part of our lives in the snow." By the age of nine, the twins were the joint terrors of the Buddy Werner League races, the local punt, pass and schuss contest. Exactly when Phil slid slightly ahead is unclear, but Steve imagines it was at the starting line: "I was born four minutes later," he says, "and I've been trying to catch up ever since."

As sibling rivalries go, theirs is peaceful. In 1981, when Steve momentarily skied away with the points that would have clinched Phil's first World Cup,



Matched Mahres: Phil, left, with Daughter Lindsey, and Steve with Daughter Ginger. And not the other way around

their smiles stayed intact. On the last day of the season, Phil prevailed. When one breaks a bone, the other does not say ouch. But Steve says, "It really is like he's a part of me. At the Lake Placid Olympics, I ended up falling, but knowing that he was ahead after the first run made me feel great, almost as if it were me."

A skier's closest relationship is with the mountain. "I love to be on the hill in the morning when it's still dark," Phil says, "to make three or four runs just waiting for the sun to come up." Because of a bleak December and dismal snow in Europe, the brothers came home early from the World Cup tour to Yakima for practice over Christmas. So far, their best finishes have been a third for Steve and a ninth for Phil, who says, "It's funny sometimes how quickly everything can just click in. When everything's going right, it's like a joy ride."

Tamara McKinney started the new season better, with a second-place slalom finish to Erika Hess of Switzerland, but she has yet to reach 1983 form. Christin Cooper, 24, who wrecked a knee during a training run a year ago, has recovered her health and exuberance: "When you can



Masterly McKinneys: Frances encouraged all her children to be top-of-the-hill skiers, and Tamara complied with a vengeance

take off and go where you want, you can go through trees. It's magic." Last season had been forecast as a watershed year for Cooper, but it was McKinney who made history. During 16 years of World Cup competition, only twice before had one country swept the overall titles, and no American woman had ever won. McKinney beat Hanni Wenzel. In all the Olympics, U.S. women Alpine skiers have gathered twelve medals, with Gretchen Fraser (1948), Andrea Mead Lawrence (1952) and Barbara Ann Cochran (1972) earning gold.

Sired by a Hall of Fame steeplechase jockey, McKinney was raised on a horse farm but bred to be a ski racer by her stage mother Frances, who rented a winter house near Squaw Valley, Calif. "I remember wearing baby skis," says Tamara, the youngest and the second most promising of Frances McKinney's seven children, five of whom reached the U.S. ski team. Sheila, 25, the family's particular star, made the team at the unlikely age of twelve. But in 1977 she fell in a downhill run and was unconscious for a month. After relearning how to talk, walk and write, Sheila could possibly have skied on, but her taste for it was gone. "Mom's dis-

appointed that I'm not enthusiastic about racing any more," Sheila said a few years later. "She doesn't quite understand." A half brother, Steve, 30, turned to daredevil speed skiing (he once held the world's record of 124 m.p.h.) after an advertising transaction disqualified him from amateur competition. All family dreams were eventually handed down to Tamara. "I am out there trying to win, but I'm mostly trying to stay happy," she says, seeming even younger than 21. "When racing, I feel confident of every tenth of a second, of every curve and every rise."

At 5 ft. 4 in., 117 lbs., McKinney hardly cuts the blocky figure of a woman skier. Actually, the entire women's team appears less robust than its regimen. At various boot camps from Hawaii to New Zealand, karate and pro football have been mixed into the exercises (Green Bay Packer Del Rodgers was a drill instructor). With the exception of three-time Olympian Cindy Nelson, a bronze-medal winner in 1976, they are extraordinarily fit. Nelson crashed a gate at Val d'Isere, France, last month and tore the ligaments in a knee. She returned

to the U.S. immediately and has been working furiously to recover.

"Cindy knew every slope in Europe," says McKinney. "Her absence has hit us all pretty hard." The team's usual manner is joking and sometimes even throwing confetti. "The Europeans used to laugh at our crazy spirit," Cooper says, "but now that we've started winning, it drives them up a wall."

Nelson still hopes to be ready in two weeks. "You have to be healthy and lucky," says Phil Mahre, who is near the end. "This is my last year. I'll still be connected with skiing, but I'd like to venture out and try something else." He expects to miss the excitement at the starting gate, the camaraderie in the finish area and "even getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning," McKinney says. "It can't come together and it can't be good unless you're having a good time of it. I have to take a step back, breathe, have fun and do my best." Her success last year is sometimes a burden. "It's almost easier to get a little confidence in yourself quietly," she says. For the U.S. skiers, those days are over — *By Tom Callahan. Reported by Gary Lee with the U.S. women's ski team*



Both aspects of figure skating—athletics and artfulness—have fierce partisans. Sarajevo will provide a showcase, and a showdown, for women skaters emphasizing one or the other. In the men's division, an undersize American should tower over all opponents.

This One Figures To Be on Ice

"When we're skating well, there's this magic"

The synthesis in figure skating of fairy-tale lyricism and plain physical power has always been problematic. Today, however, the split personality is more fractious than ever. Skaters take sides. "Athletics in men's figure skating has been neglected," says World Champion Scott Hamilton. "Sure, there's some dance in it, but we have to be athletes first. They call it an Olympic sport, not an Olympic art, don't they?" The puckish young man is one of the most accomplished skaters in history, but his view runs counter to that of the Establishment. Since Lake Placid the sport's traditionalists have tried to curb daredevil virtuosity in the shows: a new rule will strictly limit the repetition of triple jumps by skaters in Sarajevo. "Skating had got off the track, and we had to get it back on," says one top U.S. skating official. "Skating is spins, body line and interpretation, as well as athleticism."

Hamilton does not require any such reminder. At a recent practice session, he inspected his landing track after each jump, intent for 1½ hrs. that every one of them be absolutely fine and clean. For all his spartan talk about pure athletics, Hamilton in action is more than just physically powerful. With his miniature, muscular body (5 ft. 3 in., 115 lbs.) wrapped in a plain, spangle-free uniform, there is something of the playful orbit about him. All good skaters make it look easy, but Hamilton's skating looks inevitable, as if he cannot help but spin and leap across ice.

Of all the Americans in Yugoslavia, Hamilton, 25, is closest to a shoo-in for a gold medal. He finished fifth at Lake Placid in 1980, but since September of that year, he has won all his competitions, including four U.S. and three world championships. For all his easy-looking successes, Hamilton has had the inevitable emotional kinks to straighten out. "You have all these idealistic values about what a champion should be," he says, "and suddenly you're thrust into living up to it. I felt I could never let down. I drove

myself crazy. I was terrible to myself and everyone around me." His coach helped him to accept his fame. "I realized that I didn't have to be what the champions before me had been. I could be me."

He was a taunted runt as a child in Bowling Green, Ohio. His growth had been stunted by Shwachman's syndrome, a disease that interferes with normal digestion. But Hamilton, at age eight, serendipitously found a therapy: ice skating. He was no prodigy, but his prowess became a cocky defense against teasing.

Hamilton still buys teeny shoes (size 5½) and clothes in boys' sizes, but his attitude toward his sport is grown-up. "You live, you hope, for 100 years. You are only a top skater for ten. So that is the perspective." He knows that his insular, single-minded life has been severely limiting. "I'd like to come away from the Olympics, take a full breath of air and know that I've done everything I wanted to do."

Hamilton's charmed career has allowed him such equanimity. For the women, much younger than he, it is harder. Carlo Fassi, who coached queenly Peggy Fleming and girlish Dorothy Hamill, looks askance at the current, let's-get-physical trend in women's skating. "Elaine Zayak came along," Fassi says of the 1981 U.S. champion and 1982 world gold medalist, and "everybody started trying to add triples whether they could do them or not. Even if they don't fall, they do the same triple seven times. That's boring." Rosalynn Summers, a more conventionally feminine skater, agrees—rather pointedly. Competitions had become "a jumping contest," says Summers, who has now beaten triple-jumping Zayak for the U.S. title three times and won the 1983 world championship after Zayak, injured, dropped out. "They weren't looking like ladies."

Zayak, the spunky boulder from Paramus, N.J., Summers, the graceful princess from suburban Seattle, both with a chance to win the gold. It is tempting to couch their competition in Sarajevo as a grudge match. "Sometimes I think they'd like us to skate out on the ice, take ten



Zayak admittedly was once "a spoiled brat," but not a bad apple

paces and shoot guns at each other," Zayak said last year. For all their manifest differences, Zayak and Summers have a lot in common. Both are blond teen-agers (18 and 19, respectively) about 5 ft. 2 in. Both dealt badly with their early championship celebrity and turned plump: Zayak went from 115 to 138 after her injury, Summers gained 15 pounds. Neither is exactly poised: Zayak speaks in a squeak punctuated by giggles, while Summers burbles like a placid Valley Girl.

"I was a spoiled brat," admits Zayak. She quit the sport last summer—for ten days—when it seemed that an ankle fracture would wreck her career. "I had so much to learn. Dealing with the defeats made me grow up. I'm sure there are easier ways, but this," she laughs, "seems to be the way I've got." Her coach can only agree. "She's fought back a long way," says Peter Burrows of his rambunctious prize student. "Her spins are crisp and really fast. She's jumping like she was in '81. It's all there. I just hope the judges let themselves see it." The Olympic judges just might, despite the new limit on triple jumps. "It's up to me to get my act together and do it," says Zayak. "As far

BURNETT—CONTACT



For the playful Carrutherses, togetherness keeps them in balance

BURNETT—CONTACT



Hamilton, more like Puck than a cowpoke, has not lost in more than three years

AEE—CONTACT



Summers gets in the swing near Salt Lake City during last week's nationals

as I'm concerned, it's no big showdown."

They had something of a preliminary showdown last week. The rivalry, conceded Summers in Salt Lake City, "is stronger than ever." Despite her victory and Zayak's misfortune at the nationals on Saturday, the Olympic outcome remains uncertain. In November Summers inexplicably lost a European competition; her coach, Lorraine Borman, argues that Summers may have needed that loss to fuel her come-from-behind gumption.

Summers' performances are sweet and sculptural. In her trademark maneuver, she follows a kind of swooping, swanlike glide with the difficult $2\frac{1}{2}$ airborne spins of a double axel. Some fellow Olympic team members are concerned, however, that the sheltered teenager has not mastered the inner game of figure skating. Says one: "I really wonder if she's got the emotional strength to be what she wants to be." The determinedly upbeat Hamilton points to the difficulty of withstanding the pressure at the top. "She has the physical capabilities," he says, "but emotionally it's very, very difficult. I hope she doesn't let the emotion take over." Summers admits to an extreme, storybook am-

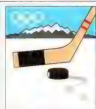
bition. "I want to be the greatest queen ever," she has said. The stakes for her at Sarajevo are enormous: a silver medalist who joins an ice show could earn \$2 million less than a first-place winner.

The Carrutherses, brother and sister Peter and Kitty, may not be aiming quite so high, but the sheer pleasure they derive from the sport seems unsurpassed. The U.S. champion skating pair has never placed better than third in world competition. But Kitty adores Peter, he is reverent of her and both are dauntless performers. (Defying preposterous odds, they are the separately adopted children of a Massachusetts engineer and a teacher; Hamilton too was adopted, also by teachers.) Skating pairs are a unique entity in sports, competing neither individually nor as members of a large team. Their event is all a matter of synchrony. Like other ice-skating pairs, Peter, 24, and Kitty, 22, are in sync on the ice as well. If they were not ingenious, the Carrutherses would be tragically awful. "When we're skating well," says he, "there's this feeling that is magic, a strange force we have together." Kitty: "It's almost supernatural." Peter: "We

love skating . . ." Kitty: "Together."

As skaters, though, they are nearly ferocious, perhaps more athletic than artful. They do a special one-handed lift with Kitty spinning prone, and in Yugoslavia they may attempt a quadruple throw: launched by Peter, Kitty does four mid-air spins, a maneuver never tried in competition. "At this level," says their coach, Ron Ludington, "so little separates any of the pairs that something like the quad may be just enough to make the difference." The quad is dangerous, but Kitty craves the thrill. "I love the feeling of being thrown," she says. "It's born into you. If you're afraid, you'll never be able to do it."

Fearless or phobic, most skaters are also romantics, including the superathletes among them. Says Hamilton: "I'd like everybody—Rosalynn and Elaine, Peter and Kitty—to come away from this year satisfied with what they've done, and ready for the rest of their lives." Zayak, for her part, is not thinking much beyond the Olympics, the grand chance to redeem her string of failures. "It's made me mad," she says, "and when I'm mad, watch out!" —By Kurt Andersen. Reported by B.J. Phillips with the U.S. figure skating team



Riding a heady mixture of patriotic fervor, home-crowd adrenaline and plain good fortune, the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team stunned the world with a savory sports upset. Now come the new boys of winter. They are younger, stronger, faster, snazzier than their gold-medal predecessors, and their coach is a student of the European style of play. But Team '84 faces even longer odds as it tries to pull off the Olympics' toughest encore.

TIDFMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



Alfonso Fontaine is down, but it's Canada that is out as the American's shot slides in for a goal during one of the exhibition games

Another Miracle Is the Goal

"We'll need every break, need to go at full intensity to steal a medal"

"Do you believe in miracles?" shouted ABC-TV Announcer Al Michaels over the uproar of an ecstatic Lake Placid crowd as the last seconds of the Soviet-American Olympic hockey semifinal game ticked away with the Americans leading 4-3. The horn sounded, and Michaels and the nation exploded: "Yes!" With this victory and the next, a 4-2 win over Finland, the ragtag squad of 20 young amateur athletes had done more than bring U.S. hockey its first Olympic gold medal since 1960. For a few happy days, they had set America skating on air.

That was 1980. Now, as another Olympics looms, Lou Vairo watches an even younger bunch of Cinderella kids preparing to skate into Sarajevo in hopes of picking up the other glass slipper. Vairo, the ebullient Brooklyn native who serves as head coach, cheerleader and godfather figure of the 1984 Olympic hockey team, tugs at his dark chin and

says, "This is probably the best U.S. team ever. But on skills alone we can't match the Swedes and Finns, let alone the Czechs and Russians. We'll need every break, need to go full time at full intensity, to steal a medal. Still, we know it can be done—the miracle of 1980 proves that. We'll just need another, bigger miracle to repeat this year."

Miracle. The word hangs around the necks of the '84 squad like a talisman and an albatross. The new team has traded in the pre-Olympic obscurity of their gold-medal predecessors for celebrity with an uneasy edge—avid media attention, sold-out exhibition games and an offer to pose *en masse* for *Vogue*—all in the reckless anticipation that miracles can strike twice. It puts unholy pressure on the young skaters, some of whom had hardly begun shaving four years ago, when Jim Craig, Mark Johnson and the rest were working their legerdemain at Lake Placid. But if any coach can reproduce a mir-

acle, Vairo, 38, may be the one: his own success story points to the moral that in sport, anything is possible.

Most hockey coaches come from the frostbelt—from what Vairo, with an outsider's irony, refers to as "the Massachusetts-Minnesota hockey establishment." Vairo learned the game on the streets of Brooklyn. Literally. He played with roller skates on asphalt, using a roll of friction tape for a puck. Until he was 21, Vairo had never put on ice skates. But soon he was hanging around New York Rangers practice sessions and reading anything he could find on the subject. By 1972 he had saved enough money to send himself to Moscow, the mecca of European hockey. "Soviet teams made magic with the puck," Vairo says. "Their tempo was quick, and they were always in superb condition. I figured this was the model to copy."

Appointed head coach of this year's Olympic team in 1982 (after directing squads in Brooklyn and The Bronx to five

league championships and a state title and an Austin, Minn., team to a national crown). Vairo assembled his four-man coaching staff and, last June in Colorado Springs, held tryouts for Sarajevo. From an original list of 250 amateurs, the coaches chose 80 top skaters. Vairo was looking for players fast enough to cover the wider Olympic rinks and adaptable to what he calls "sophisticated pond hockey"—the patient game of weaving and passing that wins Olympic medals, as opposed to the dump-and-chase, bump-and-grind National Hockey League variety.

The meticulous selection process bore fruit. Most observers agree with Hockey Historian Stan Fischler, who says, "There has never been such talent on a U.S. team as this year. And they are every bit as well coached as in '80. Vairo can match [former Head Coach] Herb Brooks at the blueprint table, and then top him with psychological motivation." Says Ken Morrow, an '80 alum who now plays dogged defense for the New York Islanders: "The 1984 team is more talented than we were, in speed, skating skill, stick handling and goal tending."

It is precocious talent indeed. Even with two grizzled veterans from 1980 (Captain Phil Verchota, 27, and John Harrington, 26, both forwards) returning to the '84 team, its average age is only 20.7 years—the youngest in U.S. Olympic hockey history. Leading the offense is "the Diaper Line": Center Pat LaFontaine, 18, and Wings David A. Jensen, 18, and Ed Olczyk, 17. LaFontaine, sweet-natured and teen-idol cute, left his home in Pontiac, Mich., in 1982 to sharpen his skills in the Quebec Major Junior Hockey League, where he scored 104 goals to break records set by Islander Mike Bossy and Montreal Canadian Guy Lafleur. The U.S. Olympic chief assistant coach, Tim Taylor of Yale, praises LaFontaine's Seeing-Eye hands: "He has a quick stick and a fast release with no waste motion."

Though his teammates call him "Franny" (short for "the franchise"), LaFontaine is modest about his celebrity. "Playing in the Olympics is a dream come true," he says. After Sarajevo, LaFontaine will join the four-time Stanley Cup-winning Islanders; he could thus follow in Morrow's skatesteps as that rare athlete who wins an Olympic gold medal and a professional championship ring in the same year. "Gosh, wouldn't that be great?" whispers Superkid. "Two dreams come true."

LaFontaine is not the only budding superstar on the 1984 team. Fellow Diaper Liner Olczyk is judged by pro scouts to be an instant starter in the N.H.L. Born in Chicago, he started playing hockey at six. "My ankles hurt so much I cried," he recalls. "But my mom wouldn't let me quit." Now Olczyk



Bring on the unwaddled Diaper Line, left to right: Olczyk, LaFontaine and Jensen

is the Olympic team's third-highest scorer, chugging up the ice with deceptive speed, passing sharply and firing one of the hardest shots on the squad. "I play like it's life and death all the time," he says with intensity. This fall, when his team played exhibitions against the N.H.L., Olczyk would give the pros fits during the game, then earnestly ask for their autographs afterward. Another Olympian, baby-faced Al Lafraite, 17, describes himself as being "in shock when I heard I'd made the team." The smooth defenseman will soon make another team: scouts say he may be the first pick in this June's N.H.L. draft.

At the very least, all the Olympic skaters would be in shape for the pro's grueling schedule; they will have played 65 exhibitions and logged more than 50,000 miles, traveling to rinks from Finland to Soldotna, Alaska (pop. 2,320). Their record is good: 37 wins, 18 losses and 8 ties, including a 3-3-1 split against N.H.L. teams and 5-4-3 against the Canadian Olympic team.



More lenient than his predecessor, Vairo still brooks no loafing on the ice

The highlight of the U.S. Olympic exhibition season has been a six-game series against the Soviet Selects, 20 players just below the level of the U.S.S.R. Olympians. Playing before huge crowds that waved American flags and chanted "USA! USA!" the locals won the series, 3-2-1. It was the first time any North American national squad, U.S. or Canadian, amateur or N.H.L., had defeated a Soviet national team in a series on this continent. (Since 1977, U.S. amateurs have an honorable 10-12-3 record against Soviet hockey squads.) "We grew up as a team against the Selects," says Vairo. "There was a game we played in Cleveland, with 16,700 people in the stands, and in the first period we scored three goals and shut them down on every inch of the ice. I wish I could have bottled that period. That was gold-medal hockey."

Team USA will have to play gold-medal hockey in Sarajevo if it has hopes of winning even a bronze. The U.S. is seeded only fourth in the tough Blue Division, behind Czechoslovakia, Canada and Finland. It must gain at least a split of its first two games (against the Canadians and the Czechs) to advance to the medal round. And there the Soviets—the real Soviet team, which former Canadian Goalie Ken Dryden has called "the greatest hockey team in the history of the game"—lie in wait, hot for revenge. In the recent *Izvestiya* international tournament in Moscow, the Soviet team handily won every game, playing all likely Olympic opponents but the Americans. One Philadelphia hockey writer imagined a U.S.-U.S.S.R. game in Sarajevo as being like "the Brady Bunch going up against the A-Team." U.S. Assistant Coach Dave Peterson, who scouted the Soviets, finds them better and deeper than in 1980. "But I didn't see a single team in Moscow, including the Soviets, that we can't skate with," says he. "If we play our best, it's not unrealistic to expect a medal."

It was unrealistic in 1980. Indeed, it was the furthest thing from the minds of just about everyone in the world. Now the 1984 team laces up its skates to see if a children's crusade from America can beat the world's best. The smart money says no. According to Fischler, "Our defense can probably handle the physical part, but when the Russians start their razzle-dazzle checkerboard game, they could psych our young guys out and drive them crazy." Others argue that beyond the Diaper Line, the U.S. team does not have the scoring punch to stay competitive on offense. "Maybe so," says Vairo. "But a lot of the same things were said in 1980, and look what happened. I'm still a believer in dreams. And in my dreams, we win." —By Richard Corliss. Reported by Lee Griggs with the U.S. hockey team



Their names are far from familiar, and their faces blend nicely into a crowd, but they too will be testing their limits. U.S. bobsledders, lugers, Nordic skiers and jumpers expect to win America more respect on the back side of the mountain but not much in the way of gold, silver and bronze. There is a lonely world of personal bests, where mind not medals, effort not endorsements, remain the valued core of competition.

Marching to Their Own Beat

"I get my happiness, my life, from the act of striving for excellence"

Far from the flash and golden glamour that glint off U.S. Alpine skiers, figure skaters and hockey players, another breed of home-grown Olympians will drive themselves beyond reason in strange and dangerous events without so much as a pat on the back or, for most, even a faint hope of gold, silver or bronze medals. U.S. athletes in the "minor" winter sports of biathlon, Nordic skiing, bobsled, luge and ski jumping have won only one silver and one bronze since 1956. But despite archaic equipment, meager training and, in most cases, pitifully small funding, they persist against the lavishly bestowed resources of Scandinavia, East Germany and the U.S.S.R. And this year, while perhaps only four have medal prospects, the 50 or so plucky Olympians have dreams of personal bests and extra effort that will bring the U.S. a wisp more respect on the back slopes of the mountains. They are, says Bob Hughes, manager of the U.S. luge team, "the last real amateurs."

They may be the last real madmen as well. Lyle Nelson, 34, devotes himself to exasperating events that combine grueling cross-country races with marksmanship. Biathletes ski a demanding course, periodically halting to fire a .22-cal. rifle from 50 meters at small metal discs. Trying to steady on a target with a heart beating 200 times a minute from skiing is, says former U.S. Coach Art Stegen, "like a high jumper running a 5,000-meter race as an approach."

Nelson, an erratic performer during his early days in the event, temporarily left the sport two years ago to develop his own sport-promotion business. "When you spend ten hours a day doing one thing," says the resident of Serene Lake, Calif., "there's not a lot left for finances, family or social life." But the competitive fire never died. The oldest member of the team returned this year with renewed dedication, fine-tuning his skis and firing 6,500 practice rounds. He continued rigorous training even when his father became terminally ill. "I'd like to be at home," he says, "but this is an Olympic year." His sacrifices will probably earn Nelson, who on past international performance is America's best, no better than

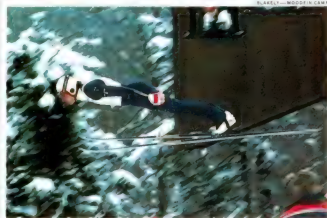
In what may be his last Olympics, Biathlete Nelson has his sights on a top-ten performance



15th place next month in his third and possibly last Olympics. But that is not the point. "I've given up too much just to be an athlete for the good times," he says. "Before, if I went out there and turned in a mediocre performance, it was all right. Now it takes more than that."

American bobsledders, on the other hand, are trying to recapture former glory. Until 1956 the U.S. dominated the sport, with 14 medals. But the Swiss and the East Germans have been masters of the 90-m.p.h., highly technical thrill ride in recent decades. The East Germans now recruit the cream of their summer sprinters for the event's crucial 50-meter running start. The U.S. has moved slowly

to catch up. Long controlled by several venerable clubs around Lake Placid, U.S. bobsledding has become parochial and, some critics claim, possibly racist. Efforts to add speedier newcomers have prompted tensions. Blacks, notably Gold Medalist Hurdler Willie Davenport, who competed in 1980, have not been warmly welcomed to the chill upstate New York Olympic site. But the prime reason for America's slide from gold is less-than-state-of-the-art equipment. After a typical defeat in an international meet last year, novice Pusher Joe Briski, 28, encountered an East German who told him, "You Americans can send a man to the moon, and you still



High-flying Hastings, with the greatest of luck, could find the rainbow at the end of his arc



Leading Luger Warner will skid home sans medal but still crazy about the sport



If his sinuses and his senses are untroubled, Koch can earn a lonely cross-country triumph

drive down the mountain on this." The oft-screened "agony of defeat" image of a ski jumper blowing it on ABC's *Wide World of Sports* is an ironically accurate one: Americans have not landed a medal in the 70- or 90-meter event since a 1924 bronze. In Sarajevo, all eyes will be on Finland's renowned Matti Nykänen. That is just fine with Jeff Hastings, 24, and Mike Holland, 22, both legitimate medal contenders. They have flown on their 16-lb. skis since their childhood days in Norwich, Vt. It was not a desire for the limelight that has had them flying. "Defying gravity for a few seconds is kind of addictive," says Hastings, who bested Nykänen at a December meet. The pair

trains year round with four two-week European jaunts, warm-weather practice on plastic-matted jumps and such regimens as daily rides on unicycles for balance or diving for form with the University of Vermont swim team. Obscurity is an advantage, Hastings believes. "With the Norwegians, everybody's butt is on the line. We don't have to deal with that."

The Nordic Combined might as well be a smorgasbord entree to most Americans, but it may become less exotic after Sarajevo. Many consider Coloradan Kerry Lynch, 26, the world's best at the event, which pairs a 15-km cross-country race with a 70-meter ski jump. Lynch hopes for an end to the sport's, and his own, obscuri-

ty. For the U.S. to take the gold away from the defending champion East Germans, he says, "would be like the South Pole coming up and winning the Super Bowl."

The U.S. luge team would be happy to finish in the top ten, but even then the sport may remain mysterious. A Congressman once asked if the luge was something to eat. An empty stomach would be more in keeping for anyone climbing onto the 4-ft.-long, 48-lb. sleds that offer the wildest ride in sports. Dressed in sleek bodysuits and helmets, lugers lie on their backs inches above the ice, descending feet first at 70 m.p.h. or more. The problem is finding enough enthusiasts for the sport. There are only 250 competitors in the U.S. (Hey, kids, want to go to the Olympics? This could be your best bet.) Stanford University Junior Bonny Warner, the top woman slider on the improving squad, had never heard of luge four years ago. She won a magazine contest to be a 1980 Olympic flame carrier and on a lark attended a Lake Placid luge development camp. One ride did it: "I was just a maniac for the sport," she says. "I couldn't get enough." After she was hooked, though, the problem was getting enough money. Until this season she had to scratch as much as \$4,000 together each year for equipment and travel. "One night I slept in a closet. I only had \$20 in my pocket," she says. Warner will probably not have a medal either. Maybe by 1988, the 21-year-old hopes.

America's premier minor-sports figure, Nordic Skier Bill Koch, 28, trains relentlessly for the first U.S. gold in the sport. "Cokie," as the hard-driven Oregonian is known to teammates, astonished observers two Olympiads ago by winning America's first medal (a silver) in the Finnish- and Soviet-dominated event, but he unexpectedly quit a 1980 Olympic race, prompting complaints that he was an arrogant loner. He says he would rather be "an anonymous person."

In 1982 he returned to form, winning the World Cup cross-country competition. But Koch has remained intense and intensely private as he prepares for one of the most demanding and certainly the longest-distance event in either the Winter or Summer Games, the 50-km (31-mile) cross-country race. He fears Russians less than microbes. Says he: "You spend years preparing for a specific event and then sit next to someone who's coughing. It could be all over."

Koch stresses mind over medals and effort over interviews. Perhaps that is the inevitable legacy of all those years when the U.S. finished far out of the running, unnoticed and unremarked. His goal: to be out on the course alone, skis singing in the tracks and his true Olympic heart pumping anonymously, gloriously to its limit. Says he: "I get my happiness, my life, from the act of striving for excellence. Winning is just the frosting." For Koch and the other U.S. competitors, Sarajevo will be no piece of cake. —By J.D. Reed.

Reported by Steven Holmes/Lake Placid



Naturally there will be many Olympians other than Americans in Sarajevo, 1,450 of them from 47 nations. Here is a look at some—almost all of them from Europe, unsurprisingly—who are favored to ski, skate, jump or slide away with gold medals.

The Best of the Rest of the World

"Of course I hope, but I don't even expect anything"

Though Americans may have more to cheer about than ever before, the cold fact is that the Winter Olympics usually belong to those who take ice and snow the most seriously—the Europeans. Over the years, nations have carved out their own niches: the East Germans in bobsled, the Austrians and Swiss in Alpine events, the Nordic countries, naturally, in Nordic events, and the Soviets in just about everything else.

Many winter athletes have emerged

from the Olympics as world-famous superstars—Norway's Sonja Henie in figure skating, for example, or France's Jean-Claude Killy in skiing. Even lesser-known competitors are national idols, pampered by their governments and enriched by sports-equipment companies. The following are a few of the best to watch out for at Sarajevo.

The brightest star in both the 70- and 90-meter ski jumps is Finland's terrible-tempered Matti Nykänen (pronounced

Nike-an-en), 20, who looks and often acts like a troubled teen-ager. Nykänen democratically erupts at almost anyone, from coaches and reporters to a messenger who recently made the mistake of asking him to sign for a congratulatory telegram. "He might blow up at any minute," says his coach, Matti Pulli, and a fellow jumper adds: "He doesn't really talk; he gripes."

Like his personality, Nykänen's jumping style features more aggressiveness than grace. His landings are often weak, and some jumping experts consider him gawky while aloft. One reason for the criticism: instead of lying flat over his skis, Nykänen tilts to one side on the theory that it gives him more sail. Though jumpers are judged for style as well as distance, the gold usually goes to the man who jumps farthest. Says Nykänen: "I am not too concerned with how a jump looks." A hard-working and daring athlete, Nykänen ranks at the top of the current crop of jumpers, and may prove to be the best of all time. However, after winning the 1983 World Cup, he fell into a puzzling slump. He has no wins at all this winter, and finished fourth, fifth, second and sixth in his last four meets. If he falters at Sarajevo, the gold could go to Canada's Horst Bulau or the East German star Jens Wiesflog, this season's leader in the standings. Nykänen thinks Bulau is the man to beat. The Norwegians, led by Per Bergerud, are also strong.

In downhill, the most prestigious of



FRANZ KLAMMER

Olympic champion in 1976 downhill, 1983 World Cup downhill winner, from Austria

KARIN ENKE

Gold medalist in 500-meter speed skating in 1980, from East Germany



the winter contests, the 1983-84 season has been confusing and lackluster. Austria and Switzerland have the strongest men's Alpine teams, each with ten or more skiers capable of winning gold on the right day. Every nation is limited to four skiers in an event, and the Austrians and Swiss are likely to wait until the last minute to make the final cut. At the Lake Placid Olympics in 1980, Austrian Coach Karl Kahr named the unheralded Leonhard Stock, now 25, to the downhill squad. Stock won the gold medal, and has not won a single race since.

Kahr may need a feat of similar perspicacity to hold off the Swiss at Sarajevo. In six World Cup downhill races so far, the Swiss have taken first place in three, in contrast with Austria's two. The current leader in downhill points is Urs Raeber, 25, with another four teammates in the top 15. Says an American coach, "The Swiss will be the team to beat at Sarajevo."

The strongest Austrian downhillers are Erwin Resch, 22, Harti Weirather, 26, and the sentimental favorite, Franz Klammer, 30. The famous star of the '70s won the 1976 Olympic gold and four downhill World Cups, then lost his touch. Klammer seemed to live the way he skied, with an instinct for controlled recklessness. He emerged as a major celebrity, developing a taste for champagne, fast cars and downhill groupies. In the late '70s, Klammer suffered considerable trauma when his younger brother Klaus

was paralyzed below the waist in a downhill accident. In 1980 Franz failed to make the Austrian Olympic team. "I lost my pleasure in skiing," he said. "I wanted to get off the mountains and do anything else, like swim."

By 1981, despite a lame shoulder, Klammer managed to stitch his life together again. He had married, settled down, trained hard, and he won the 1983 World Cup downhill by 3 points over Switzerland's Conradin Cathomen. Most experts do not expect him to repeat his World Cup triumph, but all admit that he is unusually aggressive and at his best under pressure in a short-term event like the Olympics.

Among the non-Europeans, Canada's Steve Podborski, 26, whose bronze at Lake Placid was the only men's downhill Olympic medal ever won by a non-European, has been hobbled by three knee injuries, and is not expected to regain his old form at Sarajevo. His teammate Todd Brooker, 24, seems to have come through seven knee operations in better shape—for skiing, at least. He is unable to jog, swim or train on a bicycle. All he can do is fling himself down a hill with his old abandon.

Handicapping the downhill is doubly difficult because the Sarajevo course is not up to world standards. "It is definitely an inferior course," says a World Cup official. "If there is lots of snow, the course is

too easy. If there is little snow, it's too dangerous. You cannot predict a skier's reaction to it. On a technically demanding downhill, you pick the control skiers and you are usually right. On a fast course you pick the bombers like Brooker or Klammer, and you are usually right. At Sarajevo none of this seems to apply." If Sarajevo does not get snow, Michael Mair of Italy may have a chance at the gold. He is the heaviest skier on the circuit, and can be devastating on a snow-poor slope.

West Germany's Irene Epple, 26, a specialist in the giant slalom and downhill, has been a mainstay of the women's ski circuit for eleven years. Epple, who wants to be a doctor when her skiing days are over, grew up in a small Bavarian village with a modest ski slope and ski lift just outside her front door. Though she has had her share of triumphs, including a silver in the 1980 Olympic giant slalom and a World Cup first in the same event in 1982, she has never quite established herself firmly at the top. This may be her chance, what with Hanni Wenzel, this year's World Cup leader in Alpine skiing, out of the Olympics. Says Epple: "I never make forecasts. Of course I hope, but I don't even expect anything." Strong performances are expected from the U.S. team and from Erika Hess, 21, of Switzerland, who won a bronze in the slalom at Lake Placid.

The ice-dancing competition raises two basic questions. Will the British pair

HANS RUCHENSTEINER



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MATTI NYKÄNEN

The 1983 World Cup ski-jumping champion, from Finland

TORVILL and DEAN

World ice-dancing champions for the past three years, from England

of Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean blow out the competition, as they did at the Helsinki World Figure Skating Championships last March? And even if they do, is ice dancing really a sport? (After all, if dancing on ice is an Olympic game, why not ballroom dancing?) Sport or not, ice dancing was dangled at the Olympics in 1976, over the grumbles of several members of the International Olympic Committee, and Soviet teams have won the two competitions so far. Entranced spectators have made it one of the most popular winter events.

Torvill, 26, and Dean, 25, live a few blocks apart in their native Nottingham. She is a former secretary. He is an ex-police trainee. Teamed since 1975, they have won eleven championships and now completely dominate their event. They astonished Helsinki with a circus routine called "Barnum," alternately clowning, playing mock trombones, walking the high wire, tumbling and dancing. All nine judges posted 6.0s for artistic impression, the first perfect score in any skating event anywhere. Combining those with the points for technical merit, a solid row of 5.9s, "Barnum" set a new scoring standard and had fans wondering how Torvill and Dean would try to top themselves at Sarajevo.

Surprisingly, the team will attempt a rule-bending dance to one of the old chestnuts of the musical world, Ravel's *Bolero*. The pair start out on their knees,

locked in an embrace, and do not get up to start dancing until a full 20 seconds tick by. Some critics are already disappointed, complaining that the tempo and pace are not varied enough and some routines are familiar ones in pairs skating. "I was always led to believe that ice dancing had to have a number of changes of tempo," says British Olympic Skating Champion Robbin Cousins. "Perhaps the rules have changed, but what is the Russian judge going to say at the Olympics?" Torvill replies. "We had to try to develop in new directions. That's what it's all about."

Doubts about the *Bolero* number faded last week at the European Championships in Budapest. T & D won easily, earning eleven perfect 6.0s, out of a total of 18 scores. The only judge not to award at least one 6.0 was a West German. Torvill and Dean said they would quit the amateur ranks after this season and turn pro.

In women's speed skating, most of the medals are likely to go to the East German team. The two best-known racers are Karin Enke, 22, and Andrea Schöne, 23, both from Dresden. Enke is favored in the 500- and 1,000-meter sprints. Schöne in the 1,500- and 3,000-meter races. Schöne, a nurse and the mother of a three-year-old son, won a silver in the 3,000 at the Innsbruck '76 Olympics, then finished fourth and sixth in her two races at Lake Placid in '80. This has been her greatest

season, with victories at all distances.

Enke, a good example of East Germany's hothouse sports system, was admitted to the *Meisterklasse*, the top training team, at age ten. She won a gold for the 500 meters at Lake Placid, and was sprint world champion in 1980, 1981 and 1983. Like Schöne, she is having a brilliant season. "I now have a lower, flatter skating style that enables me to exploit my capabilities better," she says. A star sprinter, Enke is also good at longer distances.

The East Germans are also the team to beat in bobsledding and the luge, with the Swiss and Soviets contending on the sled, and the Austrians and Italians in the luge. East Germany takes the sledding sports very seriously. Its stars get financial security (most are in the military) plus social status and unlimited training time. An artificial ice chute at Oberhof, which opens earlier than any other run in the world, enables teams to get a jump on foreign competition. Coaches have begun to recruit track and field athletes for bobsledding, particularly beefy shotputters and discus throwers strong enough to push a sled off to a fast start. Two of the best-known sledders are former decathletes: Bernhard Germeshausen, 32 (17 bobsled medals, including three Olympic golds), and Wolfgang Hoppe, 26.

The East Germans pour a good deal of money into high-tech refinements of sled design. Their newest bobsled, perfected last winter, has heavy shock ab-



IRENE EPPLE

Silver medalist at 1980 Olympics in giant slalom, from West Germany

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Goalie Vladislav Tretiak on silver medalist hockey team in Lake Placid

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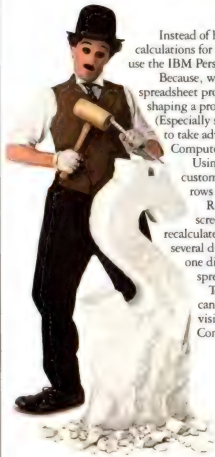
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Nasal congestion
Runny nose
Frequent, annoying cough



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sorbers and a narrow, streamlined chassis. One problem: the sled is so thin that some West Germans think the pushers may have trouble jumping in quickly. The Swiss, West Germans and Austrians have tried to beat the new sled, so far without much luck. The Russians, who are comparatively new to the sport, have come up with a sled that is the talk of the circuit—the "torpedo," a sleek bob with a new steering unit and a ball-and-joint suspension system that helps keep all four runners on ice better than a conventional sled. The streamlined body can cut as much as two seconds off a 1,300-meter run, when thousandths of a second can decide a race.

Sarajevo's new course has a noteworthy feature that helps justify its \$8.5 million cost: a wall near the third turn can be removed after the Olympics so that even oldsters and children can use part of the run without breaking any bones.

In hockey, Czechoslovakia has a disciplined, veteran team that finished second in last year's World Championships and tied the winning Soviet team in the medal round. Along with the U.S., Sweden, Finland and West Germany are regarded as serious contenders for a silver or bronze. The gold is all but conceded to the U.S.S.R. The revamped Soviet team, led by its extraordinary goalie, Vladislav Tretiak, is quicker, younger and stronger than the one that lost face at Lake Placid. At last year's World Championships in

Munich, the six all-stars picked from the participating teams were all Russians.

The best of them is Tretiak, considered by many the greatest goalie ever to play the game. He allowed only four goals in the seven games of the 1983 World Championships. His 5-0 shutout of the Montreal Canadiens a year ago was so dazzling that Montreal fans gave him a four-minute standing ovation.

One game Tretiak remembers all too well was the 1980 Olympic face-off against the U.S. Leading 2-1 with seconds to go in the first period, he stopped an American shot and relaxed an instant too soon. The rebound was swept past him at the buzzer to tie the game. Soviet Coach Tikhonov replaced Tretiak for the rest of the game, and the back-up goalie gave up the two goals the U.S. needed to win 4-3. Tretiak was bitter about being removed and accused his coach of panicking. "I was playing well, but not spectacularly," he said. "If I had been able to stay on, who knows what the outcome might have been."

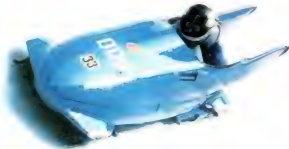
Tretiak is not a product of a sophisticated Soviet talent search, but rather a kind of accident. At age eleven, while swimming at a Moscow pool, he saw two youngsters wearing gaudy hockey sweaters. The colors and lettering of the sweaters looked so dazzling that he begged his mother to take him to an army junior hockey school. She did, and Tretiak beat

out 19 other contenders for admission. It was the uniform again that decided his position on ice: he agreed to play goalie because he was more attracted by the goalie's gear than anything else.

Tretiak is large for a goalie—6 ft. 1 in., 207 lbs.—with unusual skating agility in the crease and the iron will to dominate his territory. This will be his fourth Olympics, the most for any Soviet hockey player, and he is seeking his third gold to go with the embarrassing Lake Placid silver. Tretiak is thinking about retiring after the Olympics, though there is no sign that his reflexes are going. A year ago in Montreal, he was quoted as saying he would like to play for the Canadiens some day, though he denied the quote when it got him into difficulty back home. Montreal took the trouble to draft him last June, just in case. But Tretiak, a major in the Soviet army, is unlikely to work in the West. He is finishing his studies at the military academy in Moscow. After that, he says carefully, "I have to look for a job here, not there."

Finally, a word about Bojan Krizaj, 27, the local hero. In truth, he is not a favorite, but he did finish fourth in the giant slalom in Lake Placid, missing bronze by only .02 sec. No Yugoslav has ever won a gold medal in a Winter Olympics. How could anyone mind if Krizaj became the first?

—By John Leo. Reported by Gary Lee/Bischofshofen and William Rademsekers/Kitzbühel, with other bureaus



EAST GERMANY

Two-man bobsled, driven by Bernhard Germeshausen, has designs on the gold

BOJAN KRIZAJ

Slalom specialist who will have his own rooting section, from Yugoslavia



Economy & Business

Some Unfamiliar Optimism

TIME's *European Board of Economists* foresees a year of U.S.-led growth

Pessimism has become so ingrained in Western Europe that even a modest economic upturn catches people by surprise. Six months ago, TIME's European Board of Economists feared that the incipient recovery might be aborted by persistently high interest rates or a sudden crisis in the world's strained financial system. That did not happen, and, at their latest meeting in Paris, TIME's board indulged in some unfamiliar, if mild optimism.

While trailing behind the more dynamic performances in the U.S. and Japan, Western Europe nonetheless can expect average growth of 2.5% this year. At the same time, the inflation rate will continue falling, from last year's 7.5% to 6.8% in 1984. Unemployment is not expected to decrease, but the rise in the number of jobless will halt and remain at this year's level of 10.5%. Said Samuel Brittan, assistant editor of London's *Financial Times*: "Europe clearly is a tortoise when compared with the U.S. and Japan, but it is not a tortoise in relation to its own recent performance."

The recovery, however, is uneven. Northern Europe is leading the move out of three years of recession and near stagnation. Britain, once the laggard of the European Community, is now in the forefront of the Common Market, followed closely by West Germany, The Netherlands, Belgium and Switzerland. The southern, Socialist-led countries, France, Greece and Spain, are expected to miss out on the first stages of the upswing. Only Italy will probably join the north in a spurt of growth this year.

Hans Mast, a University of Zurich lecturer and executive vice president of Credit Suisse, was encouraged by some of the trends he sees accompanying the economic expansion. He predicted that the drive for greater efficiency and profitability is likely to push firms toward more capital investment and increased emphasis on exports. He expected that the nine major European economies would produce a surplus of \$30 billion in their trade of goods and services this year. That compares with a rough balance in 1983. The U.S. last year had a deficit of about \$40 billion, and could incur a shortfall of twice that much in 1984. Mast also noted that the less developed countries were finally emerging from two years of recession and financial crisis, a situation that should help to spur world trade.

Government budget deficits should decline, said Mast, even if they remain be-

tween 14% and 16% of gross national product in Italy, Belgium and Sweden. Given this background, Mast expected that "1984 could be the year of declining interest rates in both the U.S. and Europe." Other board members, though, remained skeptical about any significant drop in the cost of money.

While lower U.S. interest rates would reduce the dollar's value against European currencies, the board was split over whether the U.S. currency would fall

Despite their guarded optimism, board members were careful to point out pitfalls ahead. Said Mast: "One of the major weaknesses in the present economic picture is the rise of new social tensions all over Europe." He cited huge public service strikes in Belgium and The Netherlands, but he could have included violence at the Peugeot auto plant in the Paris area earlier this month that injured more than 80 people.

Board Member Herbert Giersch, di-

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1983

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% change
in real G.N.P.
4Q over 4Q

INFLATION

% change
in C.P.I.
Dec. over Dec.

UNEMPLOYMENT

% of labor force
at year-end



* Britain, France, W. Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland

much this year. For Britain, a cheaper dollar would be "the best new year's gift that countries, not excluding the U.S., could get." But both Mast and Guido Carli, former governor of the Bank of Italy, predicted dire consequences for the European Community if the dollar took a sudden plunge. Mast talked of "new tensions in the European monetary system." Carli observed that a weaker dollar would ignite "the usual wrangle" over an adjustment between strong-currency countries (West Germany and The Netherlands) and weak-currency ones (France, Italy and Belgium). Said he: "The Common Market would be put in jeopardy more than ever, and perhaps the U.S.-European relationship could be damaged."

rector of the University of Kiel's Institute for World Economics, mentioned growing "confrontational rhetoric" between West Germany's unions and government over reducing working hours without corresponding decreases in pay. Behind the social tensions, said Mast, is the drop in purchasing power suffered by union members as a result of the continent-wide austerity efforts. He added: "Now that the employment situation seems to be improving, they are asking for better conditions." Excessive wage increases, Mast warned, could jeopardize the recovery.

Surveying the European Community's four major economies, the board offered a surprising mix of forecasts.

WEST GERMANY. The Kiel Institute's Giersch was happy to point out that he had been a bit too pessimistic six months ago in forecasting a 2.25% growth rate for West Germany in 1983. The real upswing began in the last half of the year, he said, pushing growth for the entire year to 3%. Giersch predicted that the recovery in West Germany would continue in 1984 but at a slower pace, dipping slightly to about 2%. But unemployment will decline only a fraction, going from 9% to 8.75%, while inflation, now running at an annual rate of just 2.5%, is expected to stay at roughly the same extraordinarily low level. Giersch told the board that there were fears in West Germany that high interest rates along with the decline in the money supply could choke off recovery in 1985. Giersch, however, believed that slow growth could be maintained, helped in part by exports. Other weak spots were visible in what Giersch called "the rust belt"—those industries such as coal, steel and shipbuilding that are in urgent need of government help to survive. Giersch lamented the lack of venture capital in West Germany and the inability of business and government to adapt to changing markets at home and abroad. "Unlike the U.S.," he said, "we have not made many attempts at deregulating businesses." The result is what he called industrial "Eurosclerosis."

BRITAIN. "Nineteen eighty-three was a bad year for forecasters and a worse year for pessimists," said Brittan, pointing

out that British economists had been overly gloomy about their country's capacity for a significant business pickup. The British growth rate last year reached 3%, and Brittan predicted it would go to 3.5% in 1984. Inflation, which fell from 5.5% in 1982 to 5% last year, will decrease further, to 4.5% this year. Under those conditions, Brittan forecast that the number of jobless workers will go down nearly half a point, to 11.9%. Consumer spending, which was responsible for much of the good news last year, will quicken even more this year, according to Brittan. Exports too are expected to rise in a broader range of industries than was the case last year. Brittan credited part of his country's perky economy to weakening union power, which has meant that workers are willing to settle for smaller pay increases.

FRANCE. Still paying for the Socialist government's ill-timed gamble for quick growth in 1981, the French economy this year will stagnate once again. Gross national product is expected to rise only a

single percentage point or so. According to Jean-Marie Chevalier, professor of economics at the University of Paris Nord, 1983 and 1984 "will be the first time in 30 years that we will have two consecutive years with a growth rate of less than 1%." Yet inflation stubbornly refuses to yield much ground to the government's austerity program. The official target for 1983 was 8%, and the result was closer to 9%. For this year, Chevalier predicted that inflation will slow to 7.5%. Unemployment, meanwhile, may be running higher than official figures. According to Chevalier, 9.1% of the job force was without work in 1983, though the official rate was 8.5%. This year he expects unemployment to reach 9.7%. One of the few clear-cut successes the government can point to is the 50% drop in the French trade deficit, to an estimated \$5.5 billion last year. Chevalier expects the decrease to continue.

ITALY. The battle against inflation, which reached 12.5% last year, pushed the Italian economy into virtual stagnation. Carli, however, expects a rebound of 2.5% in G.N.P. this year, with inflation inching down to 11%. That prediction, though, hangs on wage negotiations now getting under way among the government, employers and unions. Said Carli:

"In Italy, we have rediscovered the so-called incomes policy." The main source of worry and uncertainty in Italy, according to Carli, is the budget deficit, which now represents 15% of the G.N.P. and threatens to grow beyond that. The present political argument in Rome concerns whether to raise taxes or reduce government spending as a means of cutting the deficit, estimated at \$50 billion in 1983. Carli is skeptical that government expenditures can be cut deeply enough to begin to solve the problem.

Carli launched the board on a discussion of the continuing struggle over Common Market programs. He called for fundamental reforms in the financing of the Community and its common agricultural policy, which eats up two-thirds of the organization's \$22.5 billion budget. Said

Brittan: "The enormous expense of the agricultural policy is reducing the standard of living throughout Europe. Only landowners are benefiting; not even the small farmers are getting anything."

Brittan was critical of the Community's industrial policy, saying, "The Community risks having the same kind of mess in industry that we have in agriculture. It is absurd for Brussels to try to determine which industries can grow."

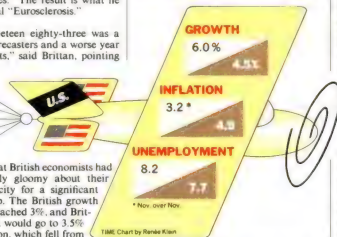
The drift in Common Market policies was criticized last week in a speech by French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson, who warned that the European Community "has fallen far short of its original objectives" and faces difficulties that could destroy it. Cheysson said the Community lacks "cohesion and solidarity" and has had too little impact on international events.

When asked to prescribe some policies to spur Western Europe to faster economic expansion, the board found broad consensus. Giersch led off by pointing to the success the U.S. is having in creating new companies. He argued that better prospects for profit were necessary to create new investments in Europe. Above all, Giersch said, Europe needs to create incentives so that entrepreneurs can succeed in creating new firms and new jobs. Brittan called for a standstill on real-pay increases so that Europe can catch up competitively. Such a measure, he said, "would break the back of the unemployment problem." Chevalier confessed that one mistake to avoid repeating was France's attempt to establish an overall government-led industrial policy. This, he said, has mainly produced unnecessary official spending, especially in the nuclear-power industry.

Jan Tumlr, the chief economist for the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), maintained that protectionism remains one of the most pressing problems facing the international economy. Tumlr pointed out that 48% of world trade is now hindered in some form or other and said that freer world commerce was the foundation for sustained growth. In recent weeks, however, trade frictions have been increasing. Angered by U.S. restrictions on specialty-steel imports, the European Community retaliated two weeks ago by slapping curbs on a variety of American-made products, including chemicals and sporting goods. The Common Market action, to take effect March 1, is scheduled to last four years.

Even though business is starting to pick up, the political situation could pose a threat to the European economy. The peace movements, Carli maintained, have created doubts about Western Europe's security that are affecting its economy. Said he: "The possible 'Finlandization' of Europe has introduced an element of uncertainty. If this uncertainty is not removed, I see difficulties getting investments of the size needed to create jobs, no matter what economic policy we follow."

—By Frederick Painter



Nuclear Fissures

More billion-dollar blunders

Only three months ago, the immense construction site at Indiana's Marble Hill nuclear power station alongside the Ohio River bustled with 8,000 workers. Now the cranes and earth movers at the plant stand idle, and a shroud of snow covers the project's jagged skeleton. Last week Public Service Co. of Indiana, Marble Hill's principal builder, announced that it would abandon the half-finished plant altogether. Marble Hill has already eaten up some \$2.5 billion, making it the most expensive nuclear power project ever to be dropped. The decision brings the total number of cancellations of U.S. nuclear plants since 1974 to 100.

Public Service began constructing Marble Hill in 1978. The original cost estimate for the plant, situated near the small town of Madison, was about \$1.4 billion. But Marble Hill ran into the same sort of quality-control problems that have bedeviled the rest of the nuclear power in-

latest in a long series of setbacks facing the nuclear power industry. Just three days earlier, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission refused to grant an operating license to the nearly completed \$3.4 billion Byron nuclear power station near Rockford, Ill. Regulators said they had "no confidence" in the quality-control procedures for some of the plant's construction. The NRC's move was unprecedented in the commission's history and was more surprising because Byron's operator, Chicago's Commonwealth Edison, is regarded as the most experienced atomic power generator in the U.S. Though Commonwealth is appealing the decision, the NRC's denial undoubtedly helped accelerate the loss of faith in nuclear power among investors and consumers.

The Byron and Marble Hill decisions seemed to spark a chain reaction of anxiety about the costs of nuclear power. Cincinnati's city council called on Cincinnati Gas & Electric to abandon plans to complete the Zimmer nuclear plant, which has been plagued by mismanagement and safety lapses. Zimmer, budgeted at \$240 million when it was proposed in 1969, has

Rollback

A break for phone users

Raising the phone bills for millions of Americans during an election year is abhorrent to politicians. That is why Congress has been moving inexorably toward repeal of controversial access charges on long-distance telephone service that were due to go into effect on April 3. Last week, bowing to the inevitable, the Federal Communications Commission decided to delay the charges until next year for individuals and many small businesses.

The FCC last year ordered the fees, ranging from \$2 a month for individuals to \$6 for businesses with only one phone line, as part of the restructuring of phone charges taking place in conjunction with the breakup of American Telephone & Telegraph. Until now, revenues from long-distance charges have been used to subsidize local service. The new fees were to help replace that subsidy. But the House last November passed a bill striking down most access charges, and the Senate was preparing to pass its version of the bill. Before the Senate got around to voting, the FCC announced its move. The delay will not affect companies with more than one phone; they will still have to pay the new charges.

A T & T had said that it would lower long-distance rates by more than 10% once the access fees went into effect, but A T & T's critics did not like the math. Access charges could save A T & T \$3.3 billion a year in subsidies to local phone companies. But because of other costs, the company had proposed cutting long-distance rates by only \$1.75 billion. As expected, A T & T was unhappy with the FCC action. Said Executive Vice President Kenneth Whalen: "We find any delay by the FCC extremely troublesome. It's a disservice to customers because it could prevent the sizable long-distance reductions we had planned."

But there was some satisfaction among other phone companies over the FCC decision. As part of its ruling, the agency also allowed MCI Communications, Sprint and other long-distance competitors of A T & T to offer a deep discount, at least until the time when it is just as easy to use the new services as those of A T & T. Currently, MCI customers must punch in up to twelve extra numbers to make a long-distance call. The net effect of last week's action, said MCI Chairman William McGowan, "will be healthy competition in the long-distance market."

In another, more subtle way, both politicians and telephone industry executives welcomed the FCC's move. It meant that the access charge issue was being taken back by the commission and away from Congress, where the politically sensitive subject had always rested uneasily. Said a relieved aide: "The FCC is the right place to untangle these complex questions." ■



Steam generators at the abandoned Marble Hill power plant near Madison, Ind.

The project's voracious appetite for cash has left the utility pleading for a 14% rate boost.

dustry, and costs shot upward. Construction crews, for instance, routinely failed to repair properly the air pockets that formed in the concrete as it was being poured. Last month a task force estimated the total price of completing the project would be \$7.7 billion or more.

Marble Hill's voracious appetite for cash has left the utility strapped. Just to continue generating power to its 540,000 customers, Public Service said it will immediately need to boost rates 14%. Later the utility plans to apply for additional rate increases to begin paying off its \$2.2 billion share of the construction bill. Stockholders in the company are already sharing the financial burden. The utility has cut dividends by 65%, and the price of its stock has fallen from 27 a year ago to 9 1/4 last week.

The scuttling of Marble Hill was the

already cost some \$1.4 billion and is not expected to be completed until 1986, eleven years behind schedule. Taking this into account, CG&E and the other two power companies building Zimmer announced at week's end that they will convert the plant to a coal-burning facility.

In Michigan, Attorney General Frank Kelley publicly urged the state's largest utility, Consumers Power, to follow Indiana's example and abandon construction of the Midland atomic power plant. Proposed in 1967 at an expected cost of \$260 million, Midland will probably reach \$6 billion, says Kelley. Midland came under additional criticism last week from federal inspectors, who announced that the floors in one of Midland's buildings were filled with cracks. Those fissures seemed symbolic of the whole nuclear power industry. ■

Telecommuting from a Flexiplace

Fans and foes take second looks at work-at-home programs

Ah. The electronic cottage. Just four years ago, Alvin Toffler in *The Third Wave* described a halcyon future when people would work at home connected to the office by inexpensive computers. No more commuting. No more expensive office buildings. Higher productivity since employees would not be constantly interrupted as they are at the office. Wrote Toffler: "Our entire economy would be altered almost beyond our recognition."

Now that idealized world to come is undergoing heated revision as more and more people use their homes as places for computerized work. In experimental projects across the U.S., several hundred clerical and professional workers have agreed to abandon the office and work at home on computer terminals electronically linked to their firms' office computers. In management jargon they are "telecommuting" and work at "flexiplaces."

An estimated 15,000 electronic workstations are now in operation in the U.S. Jack Nilles, a director at the University of Southern California's Center for Futures Research, forecasts that in the early 1990s 12 million computers will be sold annually. Other experts predict that within 15 years as many as 10 million people will be working from home.

While the advantages of computerized work at home have always been obvious, futurists did not always see the darker side as clearly. The first drawback is that executives fear they will lose control over employees. "Management does not trust the worker at home without close supervision," says Arthur Brief, a New York University professor. "Employers are concerned if somebody is not standing with a whip over employees' heads and saying 'Produce.'"

Companies often select their best and brightest employees for teleworking because those workers require little super-

vision. Even so, the designated home workers may feel out of touch with the office and fear the possibility of being passed over for promotion because they are out of sight. Says Nilles: "You need good management to make the programs work."

Companies are also discovering that working at home may not result in significant savings. Says Frederic Withington, vice president of Arthur D. Little, a business consulting firm: "Superb devices will be available, but at relatively high cost because of deregulation."

Labor specialists and union leaders have a strong distaste for the home office of the future. They fear that computerized workshops will bring back the exploitation of turn-of-the-century sweatshops. Says Donald Eisburg, Assistant Labor Secretary for employment standards in the Carter Administration: "Put out of your mind the idea that the sewing machine is somehow different from a computer terminal." Union officials maintain



Ray review: Reynolds and his at-home pal



Ann Blackwell processes medical claims while her daughter Christy and a close friend watch. A halcyon future was promised, but now some skeptics are raising serious questions.

that employers will circumvent minimum-wage and child-labor laws, curtail health benefits and force workers to buy office equipment usually paid for by firms. Last October the A.F.I.-C.I.O. passed a resolution that called for a ban on computer home work, except for the handicapped.

Companies that have experimented with work at home have enjoyed a few successes but also some failures. Mountain Bell, the Denver-based subsidiary of U.S. West, the new telephone holding company, found that executives who worked at home writing course-instruction manuals for computer programmers increased productivity by 48%. But not all these home workers liked it. Three out of the eight managers who enrolled in the program dropped out. A female manager wanted to get back to the office after gaining 20 lbs. in two months because she was always running to the refrigerator for snacks. A male executive, beset by marital problems, found that being in the house all the time contributed to his divorce. The third dropout missed social contacts with his friends and could not discipline himself at home.

Some employees, of course, have no difficulty in adapting to work at home. For the past three years Angus Reynolds, 47, a Control Data consultant, has used a terminal supplied by the company in his Reston, Va., home to review software. Says he: "Whenever I wanted to get something done, I would usually take it home to work on so that I could get away from the distractions and hubbub of the office."

Lorraine Bernstein, 55, a Control Data manager in Pasadena, Calif., keeps track of twelve employees in two offices by using a Control Data computer and a telephone. Says she: "It saves wear and tear on you. I look at it as expanded time for work." Bernstein used to spend two hours daily commuting to and from her office.

Ann Blackwell, 32, of Pontiac, S.C., processes more than 1,500 physicians' and employers' claims a week for Blue Cross-Blue Shield of South Carolina on an IBM Personal Computer that she keeps in her den. She earns 16¢ a claim, which is comparable to the wages paid to office workers. Her husband Tim, a Blue Cross executive, brings home 300 to 400 claims each night and returns the processed forms every morning. Says she: "It's a great system for me."

Work at home is far from being the promised land that Toffler and other futurists predicted. And if home projects are to succeed, there demand a greater level of cooperation between labor and management than is now found in many U.S. corporations. The technology of teleworking is relatively easy; the management of it will be much more difficult.

—By Robert T. Griesev.

Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago

Volkswagen introduces for families in a hurry.

From the start, Volkswagen owners have known a simple truth: You can't judge a Volkswagen by its cover. The first Volkswagen looked like a humble, little bug. Yet it was so advanced in concept and engineering, it revolutionized transportation as no car ever has.

Now look at our newest Volkswagen: the Jetta GLI. At first glance, it's a handsome family sedan. With 4 big doors. A spacious interior. And a generous-size trunk. But drive it. And you find it's also a high-performance sedan. With a 1.8-liter, fuel-injected engine. Front-wheel




a new sedan drive. A 5-speed, close-ratio transmission. Four-wheel independent suspension. And low-profile, steel-belted radial tires.

That's because the Jetta GLI is engineered and built in Germany, where even family driving is fun.

On the Autobahn, where there are no speed limits, it accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 7.2 seconds. And on the narrow, twisting Alpine roads, its sophisticated suspension makes families feel comfortable.

In Germany, when most families want a new sedan, they choose Volkswagen.

And when they want high performance, chances are, they'll choose *this* Volkswagen.

The New Jetta GLI \$8,690.  **It's not a car.**

It's a Volkswagen.

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Hanging Tough

A battle over banking reform

Since becoming Federal Reserve Board chairman in 1979, Paul Volcker has built a daunting political power base. When his term was running out last summer, Volcker's clout in Congress and the financial community helped him survive a campaign by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan to prevent his reappointment. Now the Federal Reserve chairman has again shown his strength. In a battle among top Government officials, Volcker has blocked a plan that would have diminished the Federal Reserve's powers over U.S. banks as part of an effort to centralize the regulation of financial institutions in a new federal banking agency.

The latest challenge to Volcker



Treasury's Regan wants a regulatory overhaul

stemmed from a debate over who should rule U.S. banking. Authority over some 4,700 national banks is shared by the Federal Reserve Board, the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC). In addition, Volcker's board regulates about 1,000 state-chartered banks that are members of the Federal Reserve System, while the FDIC supervises nearly 8,800 state banks that do not belong to the Fed.

The potential for conflict among the bank regulators has grown enormously in recent years because of the rapid proliferation of financial services. Disputes have arisen about what businesses banks should be permitted to handle. The FDIC, for example, wants the banks it oversees to be able to offer brokerage services, insurance and travel assistance, but the Federal Reserve Board generally opposes such diversification.

In December 1982, the White House set up a task force to draft a plan to overhaul bank regulation. Headed by Vice President George Bush and Regan, the group includes Volcker, FDIC Chairman William Isaac and C.T. Conover, the Comptroller of the Currency. After a year of study, the task force reached a general consensus that the power to examine and regulate banks should be consolidated in a new federal banking agency, with the Of-

fice of the Comptroller of the Currency forming its nucleus. Under this proposal, the FDIC would concentrate on insuring bank deposits, while the Federal Reserve would focus on controlling the U.S. money supply and acting as a central bank for its members.

Before the plan got very far, Volcker torpedoed it. He pointed to the key role that the Federal Reserve has played in dealing with such crises as the Hunt brothers' silver scare in 1980 and the continuing foreign-loan problems of developing nations. Stripping the Reserve Board of its regulatory powers, Volcker contended, would cripple the agency. Said the chairman: "It would indeed be dangerous to look to the Federal Reserve to pick up the pieces in a financial crisis without also providing it with the tools to do the job."

Realizing that no reform bill is likely to pass Congress without Volcker's support, the task force worked on a compromise. By



Fed Chairman Volcker balks at giving up clout
Joining for power in the realm of finance.

last week, the group's staff had fashioned a plan in which the Federal Reserve Board would have control over the 20 biggest U.S. banks, the five largest banks in each of the Reserve System's twelve regional districts and all state banks. But at a contentious 90-minute task force meeting, Regan, Conover and Isaac argued that Volcker was getting too many concessions, and the session ended in a stalemate. Said a disgusted Bush: "You guys aren't pulling together. You're more interested in protecting your own turf."

The task force may try again this week to reach an agreement. It seems certain, however, that any compromise will leave Volcker's power largely intact and do little to defuse the rivalries among the top U.S. bank regulators. ■

Poor Reception

Warner curtails Qube

In 1977, when Warner Communications with great fanfare launched Qube, a "two-way television" system, Gustave Hauser, then chairman of the firm's cable operations, hailed the Columbus venture as "a supermarket of electronic services." Eventually the system expanded to five other cities and became a joint venture of Warner and American Express. But last week a key part of Warner Amex's ambitious Qube experiment joined the growing list of cable-TV casualties.

The Qube service enables subscribers using hand-held terminals to participate from their homes in programs ranging from quiz shows to televised public opinion polls. But after finding a lack of interest in the two-way offerings, Warner Amex decided to virtually close down its Qube network, which had been supplying 90 minutes of nightly two-way programming to 325,000 homes in six cities. While Qube subscribers will still receive up to two hours of locally originated two-way shows each day, they will have only occasional access to new network programs.

The blackout represents the latest cost-slashing move by former Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis, 52, who left the Reagan Cabinet last January to become chairman of Warner Amex. It currently operates 121 cable systems in addition to the six Qube outlets in Columbus, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Dallas, Houston and St. Louis. Under Lewis, Warner Amex has embarked on such steps as an effort to cut existing cable service in Dallas, Pittsburgh and Milwaukee. Even so, some analysts expect Warner Amex to run up more than \$100 million in losses this year, on top of an estimated 1983 deficit of as much as \$80 million.

Such red ink reflects the overcrowding and the slowdown in the revenue growth that have been driving some major firms out of parts of the cable industry. CBS scuttled its CBS Cable cultural channel in September 1982 after just 13 months, and RCA and Rockefeller Center, Inc. folded their Entertainment Channel last year, nine months after it began.

Other corporations have spun off cable ventures or taken refuge in mergers. Last year ABC and Westinghouse sold their jointly owned Satellite News Channels for \$25 million to Ted Turner's Cable News Network. Two additional firms, Showtime and The Movie Channel, merged last September in hopes of offering stiffer competition to Time Inc.'s Home Box Office, the industry leader.

Shake-outs and cutbacks are likely to continue, says Les Isgur, a leading video analyst with Paine Webber: "Cost-awareness fever has struck. The previous period can be looked upon as cable TV's infancy. Now that companies have learned the market, the retrenchment will go on." ■

Video



Valenti at home in Washington with his video-cassette recorder: Is copyright real or is it mush?

Decision: Tape It to the Max

The Supreme Court says a VCR switch in time is not a crime

Relax. Just press the play button, then settle back in the Barcelona lounge to watch the episode of *Cheers* that you missed last Thursday because of the lasagna dinner at your mother-in-law's. No more guilt or anxiety. No video SWAT team is going to swoop down on your living room, disconnect your VCR, and confiscate the collection of *I Love Lucy* videotapes that you've been recording for a rainy day. It's all legal now.

It is legal because last week the Supreme Court ruled, 5 to 4, that home videotaping of television programs for private use is not a violation of copyright law. The anxiously awaited decision grew out of a suit brought by the Disney and Universal studios in 1976 against the Sony Corp., makers of Betamax video-cassette recorders (VCRs), for enabling home viewers to record movies and TV shows without paying a royalty. In 1981 a federal appeals court in California decided in favor of the studios. Since then the billion-dollar VCR industry, as well as millions of consumers, has been in a state of legal limbo. Last year the Supreme Court took the unusual step of holding the case over until this year and went so far as to request rearguments.

In its decision, the court held that "time-shifting," the recording of a program for later viewing at a more convenient time, constituted "fair use" of copyrighted material. Wrote Justice John Paul Stevens for the majority: "One may search the Copyright Act in vain for any sign that the elected representatives of the millions of people who watch television every day have made it unlawful to copy a program for later viewing at home." The court found, moreover, that Disney and Universal—and, by extension, the entertainment industry—had failed to prove

that the practice caused them financial injury or damaged the value of their copyrighted work. Thirteen years after the introduction of the VCR, a switch in time is no longer a crime.

No sooner had the court spoken than the predictable outcry was raised by Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, who has spearheaded the entertainment industry's million-dollar lobbying campaign against unrestricted videotaping. Valenti questioned whether the "copyright is real or whether it is mush," and insisted that "the future of creative entertainment of the American family is what's at stake here." Producer Irwin Winkler (*Rocky III*, *The Right Stuff*) was being only slightly sarcastic when he said: "Creative people have to eat. With this decision they will make less income. They eat a little less. Maybe they create a little less."

To Hollywood film and television producers, home taping means getting something for nothing, the consumers are getting something while they, the producers, are getting nothing. The producers dispute the high court's contention that people are only "time-shifting." Consumers, they assert, are building up video libraries of copyrighted material and hence reducing the resale potential of the material to other markets, such as broadcast reruns, cable and prerecorded cassettes. Hollywood still wants what it has wanted all along, some kind of royalty payment from the manufacturers of tapes and machines, perhaps drawn from a surcharge on the sale of those items.

Networks and advertisers, too, see home taping as something akin to a biblical curse. Argues AFI-CIO Executive Jack Goldner, who represents TV and film

performers and technicians: "Take *The Wizard of Oz*, which is shown every year on television. If 40 to 50 million people have taped it, what sponsor would want to buy time on another broadcast?" But it is the fast-forward button that has advertisers most agitated, for with it, says Valenti, viewers can "assassinate" commercials while either taping programs or playing them back. Says Richard Kostyra, senior vice president at J. Walter Thompson, the mammoth advertising firm: "What took us ten spots to reach an audience may now take 15."

The entertainment community is counting on help from Congress, which is precisely where Justice Stevens suggested it look. "It may well be," wrote Stevens, "that Congress will take a fresh look at this new technology, just as it so often has examined other innovations in the past." Representative Don Edwards of California, co-sponsor of a bill that would authorize a copyright royalty system, affirms that "the court didn't intend this decision to be the final answer." Yet Edwards admits that putting a royalty tax on one of the nation's favorite consumer toys in an election year is no politician's idea of how to keep his job.

Some legal scholars agree with Hollywood that technology is on fast forward while Congress and the court are in slow motion. Arthur R. Miller, a Harvard Law School professor and authority on copyright law, notes that the most recent congressional overhaul of copyright laws in 1976 "was obsolete the day it went into effect, at least in terms of technology." In 1976 there were some 50,000 VCRs in the U.S. Since then, sales have increased steadily (by 100% last year, and an expected 50% this year). By the end of the decade there will be an estimated 45 million VCRs, or one in nearly half of all TV homes.

Hollywood will doubtless go on lobbying and arguing. But some observers question whether in the long run there will be any losers. Once upon a time Hollywood practically wanted Congress to outlaw a newfangled contraption called television. Watching TV is now the most popular leisure-time activity in America. The VCR only expands the amount of time devoted to that peculiarly nonactive activity, and thus expands a market in which many producers can flourish as program suppliers. Notes Charles Ferris, a former Federal Communications Commission chairman who is counsel for an electronics-industry lobbying group called the Home Recording Rights Coalition: "The VCR watcher was either unable to watch the show the first time or is watching for the second time. Either way that means an incremental increase in the audience." Such an increase benefits everyone, according to Ferris: a rising tide lifts all boats, even Hollywood yachts.

—By Richard Stengel.
Reported by Anne Constable/Washington, with other bureaus

Computers

Apple Launches a Mac Attack

The Macintosh rolls out in a din of publicity and showmanship

Apple Computer's new Macintosh will be introduced this week, accompanied by sirens and ceremony fit for a maharajah. TIME San Francisco Correspondent Michael Moritz watched the computer's development while writing a book about Apple that will be published this summer by William Morrow & Co. His report:

Whispers about Macintosh have circulated for more than two years, but in the past six weeks Apple has been relentlessly thumping drums for its new machine. The company has used a fleet of tractor-trailers to transport a flashy demonstration to 1,500 dealers in six cities. It has primed its sales force, courted Wall Street analysts and tried to arrange deals for exclusive magazine coverage. Even before the machine is out, 100,000 copies of *MacWorld*, a magazine entirely devoted to the computer, have been printed. By the end of April, Apple will have spent \$15 million promoting Macintosh.

The cause of all the hullabaloo is a jaunty, cream-colored computer that will sell for \$2,495. From the side, Macintosh looks like an offspring of E.T. and R2-D2 that might start walking. But the fuss is also about Apple, the company that likes to say it invented the personal computer. If Apple is to beat back IBM and continue the whirlwind progress that has taken it on a seven-year ride from manufacturing in a California garage to annual sales of \$1 billion, Macintosh must be a triumph.

Though Apple sold more than 100,000 of its IIe computers during December, the company has been losing out to IBM. Apple's share of worldwide personal-computer sales, according to Dataquest, a California research firm, has slipped from 29% in 1981 to 23% in 1983. IBM's part has grown from 3% to 28%. Last week IBM announced that it will spend \$40 million boosting its new computer, the PCjr, which is designed to compete with the Apple IIe. Faced with IBM's attack, Apple President John Sculley says: "We've got to make Mac an industry milestone in the next hundred days. If we don't get it together in 1984, Apple is going to be just another personal-computer company." Concur John Roach, chairman of Tandy, the maker of Radio Shack computers: "If Mac

doesn't take off, Apple has to watch out."

In Mac, Apple may have a winner. The machine, which weighs only 20 lbs. and can be carried in a tan tote bag, has many of the features Apple introduced in January 1983 with its Lisa computer. It uses a "mouse," a pointing device the size of a stick of butter, that permits users to give commands to the computer with just a push of a button. Like Lisa, Mac relies heavily on symbols and pictures on the screen to help people conquer computer



Last week in New York: Jobs in coat, Sculley in jacket, Mac in bag. Fighting to make the machine an industry milestone in 100 days.

phobia. But unlike the more expensive Lisa, Mac cannot swap information between different programs.

Apple hopes that Mac will differ from Lisa in one important way: popularity. While Lisa was touted last year as a technological marvel, it has been a market dud. The company hoped to sell 50,000 in 1983, but sold fewer than 20,000. The main criticism of Lisa was its \$10,000 price tag.

The machine on which Apple is now placing such high hopes started out as a minor project. Mac, as the computer is affectionately called within the firm, began life in 1979, when Jef Raskin, the writer of the first comprehensive manual for the Apple II, was asked to build a computer that would sell for less than \$500 and

work through a television set. He built a cardboard mock-up and recommended that Apple produce a battery-powered portable home computer that might cost about \$1,000. Raskin code-named the machine Macintosh, misspelling the name of his favorite kind of apple. Working with just two others in cramped offices near Apple's headquarters, Raskin tried to make the Macintosh as easy to use as a television set or any other household appliance.

The Mac project coincided with a period of byzantine office politics inside the young company. Apple co-founder Steven Jobs, at the time a vice president, wanted to head the development of the Lisa program, but Apple President Michael Scott and Marketing Boss A.C. ("Mike") Markkula regarded him as too errand and inexperienced to handle a major project. As a consolation, Jobs was given the Mac program and Raskin shoved aside. Recalls former Apple Accountant Gary Martin: "Jobs got Mac because it was a small group. Scott and Markkula thought it would keep him out of their hair and he wouldn't bother the Lisa people."

Jobs immediately tried to put his stamp on the project, which he regarded as a test in which he could prove himself. He wanted to rename it Bicycle, but backed off when the members of his new group protested. The engineers and programmers were stirred by Jobs' aggressive style. Says Mac Programmer Andy Hertzfeld: "Steve said, 'I'll get this team that will make a cheap computer and blow the Lisa team off the face of the earth.'" Jobs recruited some veterans of Apple's early days and bet John Couch, then head of the Lisa division, \$5,000 that Mac would beat Lisa to the shop window.

The new boss played both nanny and scold to the Mac group, which has grown from 50 in 1982 to 100 today and has an average age of 28. He often spent nights and weekends hovering around the lab as his chief hardware engineer. Burrell Smith, 28, designed five vastly different versions of the computer. To spur his team, Jobs staged frequent parties, sushi dinners and seaside retreats, presented medals to workers, and rewarded the most valuable engineers and programmers with Apple stock options tucked into thin gray envelopes. He embossed their names on the inside of the machine and teased them with promises of fame when the computer came out. Last year when the Mac group moved into a larger home, Jobs spent \$1 million on décor. The building now has an atrium

and fake skylights. He also installed a Toshiba Compact Digital Disc player and 6-ft. tall Martin-Logan speakers that play classical and rock music 24 hours a day.

Jobs left his imprint particularly on the aesthetics of the project. He insisted, for example, that all 50 computer chips be rearranged on a printed circuit board to straighten the solder traces. He worked with the Belgian-born commercial artist Jean-Michel Folon to prepare advertisements for Mac. But the pair found working on different continents too cumbersome, and Jobs retained other artists. Even the publicity brochures accompanying Mac reflect Jobs and contain one of his pet phrases: "Insanely great."

As a boss, Jobs was often obdurate and capricious. When Mac's sound quality failed to meet his standards, he threatened to remove the feature unless engineers corrected the problem over a weekend. The sound, which is provided for games and computer music, is stayed. When his group failed to make progress fast enough, he fired off irate memos and abrasively talked down middle managers. Halfway through the project he demoralized the designers by demanding that they produce an entirely new look. He also irritated engineers by refusing to let them show Macintosh to friends, even though he was giving special peeks to outsiders like his onetime crush, Folk Singer Joan Baez.

During 1981 and 1982, while engineers and programmers labored over the Lisa and the Mac, the competition that developed between the divisions sometimes verged on fratricide. At one point a pirate flag flapped above the Mac building as an expression of battle. The Mac team was often condescending about the quality of Lisa and thought the bureaucracy in the larger division resembled that at a large corporation like IBM. Until early last year, the two computers, though superficially similar, might have been developed by separate companies. Programs written for one would not run on the other, and the mice the two used were different. Mac engineers thought Lisa's slim-line disc drive, code-named Twiggys, was so clumsy that they tried to design their own. Both disc drives turned out to be too expensive and were scrapped after a development cost of about \$6 million. Lisa and Mac now have a drive made by Sony.

While he was developing Mac, Jobs, who became Apple's chairman in 1981, was looking for a new president to guide the company. He ultimately recruited John Sculley, 44, from PepsiCo with a salary and bonus package worth \$2 million. Sculley soon began putting some order in the Apple crate. He started by easing out six of the firm's 15 senior executives. Two officials pictured in the company's annual report, which was mailed out only last month, no longer hold the same positions. Sculley, who often lapses into M.B.A.-speak, describes his pruning of the work force from 5,300 to 4,600 as "infrastructure phasedown."

Sculley has boasted Apple's advertis-



A new, automated \$20 million assembly line in California is built to match Japanese standards

ing budget by about 30%, but the new promotion has not always been successful. Apple's pre-Christmas television ads, produced by *Flashdance* Director Adrian Lyne, were disliked by company directors and dismissed by one dealer as "nice foreign movies." Nonetheless, some of Apple's new ads are also unconventional. One early Mac spot features an Orwellian Big Brother and looks like a rock video.

Sculley's most important task was to untangle Apple's line of computers. He compressed development timetables for the production of cheaper and more expensive spin-offs of the Apple IIe computer. He has also pushed work on a series of Lisa products and has tried to make them compatible with Mac. The new Lisas, which range in price from \$3,495 to \$5,495, will run programs written for Mac. The pace has taken its toll. Complains one Apple staffer: "People are working their buns off. It's difficult to see straight. We've got crazy schedules."

The early verdict of those who have used Mac is generally good. Says William Gates, chairman of Microsoft, the largest

personal-computer software firm: "Macintosh is the only computer worth writing software for, apart from the IBM PC." Says William Cranz, a Huntington Station, N.Y., computer dealer: "Mac is light-years ahead of the IBM PC." Mac has some of the hallmarks that made the Apple II such a hit. The engineering is compact and elegant, and the machine is perhaps the first moderately priced computer that is easy to use. But Mac has some drawbacks. It is difficult to expand, has a small memory and does not have a color monitor. Apple will have a more powerful version out later in the year, but color is far in Mac's future. And although Mac can be linked to IBM mainframe computers, it will not run software written for the popular IBM PC.

Jobs claims that 100 software companies are developing products for Mac, but only five programs will be available this week at its introduction. Versions of the industry's current bestsellers, like Lotus 1-2-3, will not be ready until summer.

Apple hopes that Mac will appeal to small businesses and college students. The company believes that executives in small firms will not be as tied to IBM machines as their colleagues in major corporations. Apple already has contracts to supply Macs to students at Stanford, Carnegie-Mellon and Drexel. Cautions Fred Gibbons, president of Software Publishing, based in Mountain View, Calif.: "It may take Apple a year to learn how to sell Mac."

Apple must also make its brand-new \$20 million Mac factory run smoothly. Last week the factory, built to combat the manufacturing know-how of Japanese computer makers, was still having start-up troubles.

The Mac represents a conclusive personal victory for Jobs in the battle of office politics. The final proof is that the company's Lisa and Mac divisions will soon merge, and he will take over as head of the combined group. But now the Master of Mac must wait and see whether the public approves his bold machine. ■



Confusion of apples in a publicity photograph
Left to right, Red Delicious and Macintosh.

Press



On the set of *Nightline*: plain talk that does not underestimate the audience's intelligence

As Hot as He Is Cool

Ted Koppel brings sparkle and unflappability to television

At the outset of last week's televised debate among eight Democratic presidential candidates, Ted Koppel smiled into the camera and said, "The moderator will try to have complete control." That drew a laugh, but as usual, he was in earnest. Indeed, during the half of the debate that he moderated, Koppel, cool and cerebral, kept the discussion crisply controlled—and confirmed his reputation as perhaps the best serious interviewer on American TV.

Koppel, 43, has established himself as the thinking person's anchor on ABC's late-evening news show *Nightline*, which since March 1980 has built an average audience ranging from 5.1 million to 6.8 million viewers for discussions of issues as sensitive as child abuse and as complex as nuclear war games. Unlike the early-evening anchors, who help select stories but have little role in the coverage of most of them, Koppel controls almost every word that is spoken during *Nightline*. Most of each show is live interviews conducted by him. Often he must interweave five or six participants who represent conflicting viewpoints and speak by satellite from several countries.

Koppel is adroit at interpreting other people's answers without seeming to put words in their mouths. He neatly exposes hypocrisy, but without raising his voice or resorting to rhetoric. On occasion he can become testy, as he did while interviewing a California district attorney who jailed a twelve-year-old for refusing to testify against her stepfather; but when he does let his feelings show, he quickly apologizes on air. His buttoned-down style and unflappable calm could make him seem dull, but he

works with express-train speed and almost never lets an interview become repetitive. He thinks faster and more subtly than most other television reporters, yet always does his homework and never seems to be using his wit just to score points. Well versed in the details and jargon of Washington, he nonetheless talks about ideas in layman's terms; he often says that one must not overestimate the audience's specific knowledge or underestimate its intelligence. His most difficult feat is avoiding the twin pitfalls of overaggressiveness and overfamiliarity. Says U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Jane Kirkpatrick: "He is tough enough to make it interesting to engage in the discussion, but the questions are always straight and fair."

The New Hampshire debate may have been Koppel's most sensitive assignment ever, and he handled it ably but with restraint. He explains, "I could not be quite as tough as on *Nightline*. The point was not for me to elicit any particular piece of information or to trap someone in an inconsistency." Still, some of the discussion displayed him at his deflating best. When the candidates talked about cutting the military budget, Koppel asked which domestic military bases they considered unnecessary. When they kept emphasizing that none of them downgrade the importance of peace, Koppel noted, "In fairness, you don't think that the fellow in the White House does either, do you?"

Four days later, Koppel took on another demanding showcase: his occasional ABC series *Viewpoint*, a live discussion of journalistic ethics with comment from

the public. The show focused on the conflicting demands of freedom of information and national security. Among Koppel's strengths is that he almost never indulges in special pleading for his craft. Although he is somewhat conservative in a business that *Viewpoint* participants lambasted as liberal, Koppel was careful not to interject his views.

Last year Koppel was sounded out about, and rejected, the network's most coveted news job, anchor of *World News Tonight*. The post, vacated by the death of Frank Reynolds, went to Peter Jennings. Although the job might have boosted his reported \$700,000 salary, Koppel says he never wanted it. When ABC News President Roone Arledge telephoned to ask if he was interested, Koppel said, "Let me make it easier for you," and opted to stay on *Nightline*. His choice makes sense to TV journalists. Says CBS *Morning News* Anchor Diane Sawyer: "The format of *Nightline* has to be the envy of every serious broadcast journalist. He has control and, above all, time to explore a subject."

Koppel started in journalism in 1962 as a radio correspondent and three years later switched to ABC-TV. By 1969 he had become the TV network's Hong Kong bureau chief, and he spent nearly two years reporting from Viet Nam. During the Nixon and Ford Administrations, as a diplomatic correspondent, he logged more than 250,000 air miles.

After a dozen years of dedicated careerism, Koppel astonished colleagues in 1976 by giving up his coveted beat and taking almost a year to be a house husband while his wife Grace Anne started law school. Says he: "I finally understood viscerally what women go through. People focus on those few months I took off and not on the years that my wife put her



Relaxing at the debate with Daughter Tara
The point was not to trap someone.

Religion

Struggling for Soul and Purse

Disgruntled Methodists challenge their biggest agency

career on hold." Koppel worked part-time anchoring an ABC weekend newscast until Arledge became president of ABC News in 1977 and stripped him of the job. His career remained in a slump until 1979, when he substituted for Reynolds on a late-night special newscast. Says Arledge: "We discovered Ted had this wonderful ability to keep the conversation going in a way that everyone could follow."

Koppel was born in Britain, the only child of German Jews who fled Hitler's regime. His family moved to New York City when he was 13, and he grew up revering Edward R. Murrow and Alistair Cooke. After completing a B.A. at Syracuse, he received an M.A. in journalism at Stanford, where he met his wife.

The Koppels, their children (Andrea, 20; Deirdre, 18; Andrew, 13; and Tara, 12) and Grace Anne's father live in a modern house in Potomac, Md. They spend little time on Washington's social scene. Says NBC Correspondent Marvin Kalb, who collaborated with Koppel on a bestselling 1977 novel about diplomatic intrigue, *In the National Interest*: "Ted has very strong family feelings and does everything with dedication." Says Koppel: "Our idea of an enjoyable evening is dinner, usually Japanese, and a movie." His hobbies include reading, running, skiing and playing tennis. "I do them all at the same time," he says, with a lopsided grin.

In recent years, Koppel has seemed enough of a boy wonder to achieve just such impossibilities. He gets all but universal praise from journalists and from officials he has interviewed, for both skill and affability. "In all the years I've known Ted," says ABC Morning News Anchor Steve Bell, "I've yet to detect the flaw." Koppel is even renowned among colleagues for quick humor and dead-on impersonations of Cary Grant, Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger.

Koppel has suffered one setback. *Nightline*, which since last April has been the only hour-long news show on any commercial network, will be cut back to half an hour on Feb. 8, coincidentally Koppel's 44th birthday. At the hour length, ratings sagged. Says Koppel: "We were on a downward spiral." Often the show gave a topic too much time, or jumbled together unrelated segments, some of them less than urgently newsworthy. Admits Executive Producer William Lord: "By thinking larger, we diluted the focus of the show." The biggest roadblocks, however, were local ABC affiliates. When the show expanded, twelve stations dropped it outright and 18 began to delay its broadcast time; in all, only 123 of ABC's 211 affiliates were carrying the show live.

Koppel spoke to executives of affiliates at a meeting in Dallas last week, and some 20 stations have pledged to pick up the new half-hour *Nightline*. The show's potential seems perhaps as sound as Koppel's. His view: "The spiral is going upward again." Koppel remains hot enough and cool enough to propel it. —By William A. Henry III. Reported by Richard Bruns/New York and Christopher Beckman/Washington

The 9.5 million-member United Methodist Church is a denomination in which smoking and drinking still carry the faint air of impropriety. Conservatism remains a powerful force in other ways: homosexuality has been openly condemned by the church as "incompatible with Christian teaching," and liberation theology is regarded by some Methodist clergy as the dogma of radical leftists. Conservative members tend to blame their leaders' increasing liberalism for a serious decline in the church. Since 1968 membership has fallen by 1.5 million. Sunday-school enrollment is down by 3 million, and American Methodists sent abroad to spread the word as missionaries are down to a mere 531, a decline of 65%.

The tensions between members and administrators are now creating a damaging split over the church's biggest and most influential agency, the General Board of Global Ministries.

The board, based in New York City, has an annual income of \$74 million, which is spent on ministering to both spiritual and material needs in the U.S. and in 45 foreign countries, particularly those of the Third World. But some of those who have provided major financial support for the board, wealthy Methodist congregations in cities such as Dallas, Orlando and Tulsa, have been angered by what many regard as the agency's left-wing theology and politics. Next week a rival mission board, the Mission Society for United Methodists, will open for business in Atlanta with \$150,000 donated by large churches, and the hint of much more to come. "We can no longer support the direction in which the board has gone," says Ira Galloway, a Peoria, Ill., pastor who is secretary of the new mission society.

For the past ten years, conservatives in the church have been attacking the mission board in the pages of *Good News*, an independent Methodist magazine. Last year, for example, the publication claimed that the board's headquarters staff was larger than the number of missionaries out in the field and that the head office consumed an unreasonable share of the agency's budget. The board replies that a large New York staff is necessary because of the scope of the agency's U.S. program. *Good News* also complains that the board is

placing old-fashioned evangelism with a political crusade. Galloway charges that the board is biased against hiring anyone "who is not a political leftist advocating liberation theology and radical social change." Support for the mission society includes more moderate church members. L.D. Thomas Jr., the pastor of the First United Methodist Church of Tulsa and the new agency's chairman, gives a key reason for the widening dismay: the election last October of Peggy Billings, 55, to run the mission board's overseas division. She is, Thomas declares, "the most radical person" on the staff.

The overseas division is central to what many Methodists continue to see as the major role of the church: spreading

John Wesley's zealous revivalism around the world. In 20 years on the board, Billings has been far more social activist than evangelist and a single-minded advocate of causes from abortion to nuclear disarmament. She is also closely identified with the liberal effort to end the church's opposition to homosexual activity, which is likely to be the most divisive issue at the Methodists' policymaking conference in May.

Billings turns aside the conservative charges about the board's political drift and says she is only carrying out policies set by elected church delegates. Fewer missionaries have been sent overseas, she explains, simply because it is cheaper and more effective to use nationals to evangelize in their own countries. The board came under attack, she says, when U.S. congregations began to understand the importance of issues such as racism and discrimination against women. "Maybe it's a world they're

not happy with any longer."

The new rival in Atlanta does not bother Billings. She is confident that bishops and local church officials will ensure that the board continues to receive financial support from members. But if the biggest congregations continue their rebellion, the board could be in trouble. The Rev. Leighton Farrell, whose Dallas church spends one-fourth of its \$4.2 million budget on foreign and domestic missions, argues that the creation of the new mission society was the only avenue open to frustrated Methodists. The old board, says Farrell, is "off track." ■



Thomas: fearing radicals



Billings: social activist

Music



Marilyn Horne in the title role: castles collapse, monsters writhe and dragons fly

Handel on the Stand

The Met stages Rinaldo, but does it do the composer justice?

For London audiences of the early 18th century, Italian opera meant heroic plots, lavish sets and dazzling vocalism. It also meant a German-born composer with an anglicized name who had successfully transplanted a hothouse species to the neighborhood around Covent Garden: George Frideric Handel. For almost 30 years, while the operatic vogue was at its peak, Handel was the unquestioned master of the form. Despite his historic eminence, however, he was neglected by the Metropolitan Opera until last week, when it finally staged *Rinaldo*.

Designed for the National Arts Center of Canada in 1982, the production stars Mezzo Marilyn Horne in one of her patented sword-and-breastplate roles. It is scenically spectacular, full of the kind of *deus ex machina* theatricality that so delighted baroque audiences: dragon-drawn chariots fly through the air belching smoke, monsters writhe, and looming castles collapse in a heap of rubble. Bright and vivid, *Rinaldo* is a bauble for the eye, as sung by an imposing cast that includes Bass Samuel Ramey and Soprano Benita Valente, it is a treat for the ear. But whether it serves Handel or the thorny cause of baroque opera faithfully is moot.

Like other composers of his day, Handel had a freewheeling notion of textual fidelity. He cannibalized hit tunes from earlier works, rewrote arias and substituted new ones. Further, baroque opera presents stylistic problems not encountered in the standard repertory. The plots, revolving around heroes of antiquity, seem remote, and the operas lack ensembles—trios, quartets, quintets—which vary the texture. Instead, they are constructed of a chain of solo arias that illuminate a character's state of mind; action is subordinated to internal rumination.

The Met production is essentially a vehicle for Horne, in a title role composed for a castrato. The outlines of Handel's opera are preserved in the plot, which concerns the struggle for the Holy Land between the Crusaders, led by Rinaldo, and the Saracens, under Argante (Ramey) and the sorceress Armida (Soprano Edda Moser). But Martin Katz, Horne's longtime accompanist, has conflated the 1711 and 1731 versions, trimming the recitatives, shortening some arias, shuffling others and even adding a duet from Handel's *Admeto*. It may be argued that Katz is only following a convention to which Handel subscribed. Yet Katz is not Handel; the composer's instincts offer surer musical logic and dramatic shape.

Still, the production, conducted by Mario Bernardi, has its attractions. No one can match Horne in her nimble negotiation of the florid vocal line, she overwhelms its difficulties with an awesome display of rapid-fire articulation. As Almirena, Rinaldo's lover, Valente's limpid, graceful soprano contrasts appealingly with Ramey's dashing, formidable bass. The storybook sets by Mark Negin would have pleased even the most discriminating Londoners, and Frank Corsaro's direction is swift and adept; the climactic battle, a combative ballet for 16 acrobats, liberates Jerusalem with martial savagery. Evidently the Met has taken to heart the intentions of Aaron Hill, *Rinaldo*'s first producer: "to frame some Drama that, by different Incidents and Passions, might afford the Musick Scope to vary and display its Excellence, and fill the Eye with more delightful Prospects, so at once to give two Senses equal Pleasure." If only it had considered a third Handel's good sense.

—By Michael Walsh

Last Songs

Six new Lennon oldies

Enough, now. The mourning, and all the indulgence that goes with it, ought to have been set aside. But patience, sympathy and sentiment—in finally impossible amounts—are what is needed for listening to *Milk and Honey*, twelve songs by John Lennon and Yoko Ono intended to follow up their *Double Fantasy* album, before murder intervened.

Recorded at the same time as *Double Fantasy*, the material on *Milk and Honey* reminds us that the earlier album was hardly top-form Lennon. Contented and uncertain and rambunctious by turns—and sometimes at once—Lennon's songs were a retrenchment, not a revelation. So much was always expected of him. He even wrote a song about it, *I Don't Wanna Face It*, a hard bit of self-deflation ("If you wanna save humanity/ But it's people that you just can't stand") that is one of *Milk and Honey*'s sharpest cuts. This song, according to the call-and-response style established by *Double Fantasy*, is answered by Ono's reassuring *Don't Be Scared*, which contains wisdom ("If your hearts are lit/ Drop your survival kit/ Then you never have to Run or split") that would be poor balm even to the troubled soul of a fortune-cookie writer.

The record opens with a scrappy declaration of Lennoesque independence, *I'm Stepping Out*, but *I Don't Wanna Face It* fades down with a clipped cry that sounds like a housebroken werewolf. The second side offers the unwelcome spectacle of Lennon, abject, begging (*Forgive Me*) *My Little Flower*.

Princess, then following Ono's *Let Me Count the Ways* with *Grow Old with Me*. Yoko's album notes explain: "John and I always thought, among many other things, that we were maybe the reincarnation of Robert [Browning] and Liz [Elizabeth Barrett Browning]." Lennon wanted *Grow Old with Me* to be an anthem for occasions of ceremony and sentiment, like weddings and anniversaries. Just the sort of song, that is, that he twitted Paul McCartney for writing, although not even his ex-writing partner ever sniveled so stereophonically as Lennon as he serenades his flower princess. Ono does display a neat flash of wit in her final song: "In the world's eye: We were Laurel and Hardy in our minds. We were Heathcliff and Cathy." But hagiography, even half comic, like this, should be resisted. Sentiment might make that hard. But *Milk and Honey* makes it a cinch.

—By Jay Cocks



People



Timeless gifts: Grant at 80

True, the carefully manicured haircut has gone from black to white, and the jaunty gait has lost some of its bounce, but the chiseled good looks and the smooth-as-silk charm are as timeless as a well-tailored tuxedo. His last movie, *Walk, Don't Run*, was released in 1966, but **Cary Grant**, who turned 80 last week, has never lost his Hollywood gloss—or his penchant for privacy. In an effort to keep his birthday "as low key as possible," the actor, born in England as Archie Leach, celebrated by staying home with his wife **Barbara**, 33, while calls and presents poured in from well-wishers. Old friend **Rex Harrison**, 75, sent his love but reportedly could not resist adding, "How do you look like you do at 80? It's disgraceful." How does Grant explain his enduring appeal? "I'd like to think that I don't look my age, but I know I do," he says. "I may look good for my age, but that's something else."

"I was looking around for antidotes to my pain, which was partly the result of never having been alone before." Thus it was in 1973, after divorcing her second husband, that Deirdre Blomfield-Brown decided to change her name and her life by beginning a novitiate in the 2,500-year-old tradition of Tibetan Buddhism. Today **Ane Pema Chodron**, 47, whose name means "lotus dharma torch," is executive director of a meditation center in Boulder, Colo., and

probably the only American woman to have been fully ordained as a Buddhist nun. The mother of two children and a former elementary school teacher in California and New Mexico, Chodron followed the path of enlightenment to Hong Kong. There she made more than 300 vows, including celibacy, abstinence from alcohol and never to handle money, travel alone or ride in a vehicle. Even so, next month she will fly to New York City to lead a seminar on Buddhist meditation and raise money for a Buddhist monastery in Nova Scotia. Abiding by Buddha's rules



Chodron at Buddhist shrine

is not always possible in the modern world, admits Chodron. "It is often necessary to live by the spirit of the vows."

In the sunny days before her free concert in New York City's Central Park last July, Singer **Diana Ross**, 39, made a generous offer: the proceeds from the TV taping of the show would be used to build a children's playground named after the erstwhile Supreme. But when the event's promoters announced that a thunderstorm had washed away the profits, there were rumblings from Mayor **Edward Koch's** office suggesting that it was not just Ross who had been soaked. The dark cloud hanging over the affair turned out to have a silver lining last week when Ross presented Koch



Singing after the storm: Ross and Koch at city hall

with a \$250,000 check from her own pocket. "It's for the kids," said the singer, who donned an orange city-department-of-parks slicker to show that there were no hard feelings. Said Parks Commissioner **Henry Stern**: "For \$250,000 you can get a small but exquisite playground." There was a time when it would buy a whole park.

As the gutsy, globetrotting Marion in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, **Karen Allen**, 32, established herself as a heroine with a flair for exotic adventure. But in *Until September*, which has just

finished filming in Paris, the Illinois-born actress finds some risky business in a setting that is more mundane, if no less romantic. This time Allen plays a horticulturist from St. Louis who takes a summer vacation in France and falls in love with a handsome French banker, played by Gallic heartthrob **Thierry Lhermitte**, 30. The summer sweateats make love in a bank vault and a bathtub, among other places. Allen says she speaks "bad French" but seems to have had no problem making herself understood. Looks like this is one time Indiana Jones didn't come to the rescue. —By Guy D. Garcia



Vive la différence: Allen and Lhermitte in scene from *Until September*

Theater

Once More into the Labyrinth

IAN MCKELLEN ACTING SHAKESPEARE

Casually dressed in white shirt and blue trousers, he hurries down the aisle like a schoolboy late for the class-play try-outs, afraid the best parts may have already been cast. But when he mounts the bare stage—its only prop a battered chair that once had pretensions to the regal—a sense of awe seems to overcome him. Wide-eyed, he wanders the playing area, tapping the boards with his heel, touching the backcloth bemusedly, imparting the stagestruck youth's romantic awe for the centuries of tradition gathered in the shadows of any theater.

At 44, Ian McKellen is perhaps the most respected classical actor of his generation in England (and the creator, on Broadway, of the sinuous Satriani in *Amadeus*), but an adolescent's enthusiasm and wonder animate every moment of *Ian McKellen Acting Shakespeare*, the one-man divertissement in which he opened last week on Broadway for a five-week engagement. First concocted in 1976 and intermittently toured ever since, the show is an amalgam of personal reminiscences, theatrical lore and selections from Will Shakespeare's Greatest Hits. It gives McKellen a sort of actor's holiday untrammelled by directorial "concepts" or other actors' demands.

In his attempt to demystify and demythify "the Bard" (a phrase that would never escape his lips unless they were twisted satirically), McKellen establishes two reference points between himself and



McKellen in his one-man show

A sense of playfulness in the playing.

Shakespeare. The first is that they were both helplessly smitten by the theater at tender ages. (He imagines a boyish Shakespeare falling in behind a touring theatrical company announcing its presence by parading down Stratford's main street; he recalls himself manipulating a cardboard Laurence Olivier and Jean Simmons in a toy-theater production of *Hamlet*.) The second is that both grew up to be men of the working theater, practical poets striving for the memorable effect. Many of his selections are in fact from speeches in which Shakespeare insisted on the stage

as a metaphor for the world. A scholar might find this oversimplified, but show folks have always had to seek a human-size passageway into the labyrinth of the great Shakespearean texts. The cheerful energy this approach releases in McKellen and the air of confidentiality it gives his evening are entrancing.

Slight of build, with an eminently squinty face, McKellen is not an overwhelmingly noble presence. His Shakespearean range is probably closer to Ralph Richardson's than Olivier's. But he has wit, a mime's command of body language, and the antic courage of an impressionist. There is wonderful calculation in the way he flings himself about the stage and trots through history giving persuasive impersonations of predecessors like Richard Burbage and David Garrick, as well as such critics as Pepsys and Shaw. McKellen, at one point, even does a passable imitation of himself. If his Romeo is perhaps too much a modern teen-ager, or his Macbeth more emperored than it should be, there is illuminating humor in his rendering of Hamlet's advice to the players in the manner of a rather fey modern director giving notes to his company. And his notion that Shakespeare's kings have "the temperaments of actors" leads to a very human yet still theatrically compelling reading of Richard II's "Death of Kings" speech.

Seeking neither to define nor to grandly imple, McKellen is merely admitting the secret all good actors share: even the greatest play is best approached as an excuse for child's play, where the meaning hides, the actor seeks, and the only potential winners are the audience. Like those at *Acting Shakespeare*. —By Richard Schickel

Milestones

RECOVERING. Jimmy Carter, 59, noted chairmaker, author (*Keeping Faith*) and former U.S. President; after hospitalization in Atlanta: from minor surgery to remove hemorrhoids, in Plains, Ga.

PETITION DENIED. To Elizabeth Bouvia, 26, cerebral palsy victim who has fought for the right to starve herself to death in a hospital because she is tired of life in "a useless body"; by a California Supreme Court affirmation of earlier decisions to throw out her plea.

ARRESTED. Paul McCartney, 41, megareich ex-Beatle and rock video star (*Say Say Say*, *Pipes of Peace*), and his wife Linda McCartney, 42, both for possession of marijuana, he for the fourth time in twelve years, she for the first time since 1975; in Barbados. Fined \$100 each, the McCartneys returned to London, where Linda was arrested at Heathrow Airport, again on possession charges. Said McCartney: "I'd like to see it [pot] decriminalized."

DIED. Johnny Weissmuller, 79, record-setting swimmer (five Olympic gold medals) turned cinematic Tarzan (twelve movies); in Acapulco, Mexico. "They gave me a G-string," he claimed of his MGM bosses, "and said, 'Can you climb a tree?'" Weissmuller, the archetypal Hollywood hunk, led an extravagantly untidy personal life highlighted by five failed marriages and a portfolio of foolish business ventures.

DIED. John Coventry Smith, 80, a leader of the U.S. Protestant missionary movement and a former president of the World Council of Churches; after a heart attack, in Abington, Pa. Smith, a Presbyterian, played a vital role in the postwar movements toward interdenominational unity and the independence of Third World churches.

DIED. Gardner D. Stout, 80, investment banker and president emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City; in Stamford, Conn. A

wildlife enthusiast, he raised about \$25 million for the institution and opened four notable exhibition halls during his tenure as unsalaried president (1968-75).

DIED. Maurice Bellonte, 87, French navigator and radio operator on the first nonstop Paris-to-New York transatlantic flight; in Paris. In 1930 Bellonte and Pilot Dieu-donne Costes reversed Charles Lindbergh's 1927 course in their crimson Breguet sesquiplane *Question Mark*. Taking off from Le Bourget airfield, they landed 37 hr, 18 min, and 3,600 miles later at Curtiss Field in Valley Stream, N.Y.

DIED. Tran Van Huu, 87, Prime Minister of Viet Nam from 1950 to 1952; in Paris. Huu, a wealthy financier, based his pro-French Vietnamese government on his country's small upper class, exiled his ablest political associates and ignored French pleas to fight insurgent forces of the Communist Viet Minh. In June 1952 Huu was fired by Viet Nam's chief of state, the Emperor Bao Dai.

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Books

Crime and Punishment

DOSTOEVSKY: THE YEARS OF ORDEAL, 1850-1859 by Joseph Frank; Princeton: 320 pages; \$25

Nearly 30 years ago, Critic Joseph Frank was preparing a series of lectures on European postwar existentialism. He thought Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground* might be a good place to begin his survey. The 19th century Russian author had, after all, practically invented the isolated, sometimes criminally antisocial hero whose type kept reappearing in the works of Camus and Sartre. The more Frank read Dostoevsky, though, the less interested he became in contemporary writers. *Notes from Underground*, not to mention the towering achievements of *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Crime and Punishment*, raised hordes of questions that had nothing to do with existentialism. The largest of these: What, besides genius, went into the composition of Dostoevsky's fiction?

This book is the second installment of Frank's answer, which is scheduled to run to five volumes; the first, *Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt, 1821-1849*, was published in 1976. Like its predecessor, *Dostoevsky: The Years of Ordeal, 1850-1859* brilliantly combines biography with intellectual history. The essential facts are presented, but not a day-by-day chronicle of trivialities. Those who want to know how many logs the author piled in a fireplace during a given night will have to look elsewhere. Readers curious about how Dostoevsky translated experience into ideas and then into art can welcome Frank as an indispensable guide.

The ten years covered here pummeled Dostoevsky into the figure the world now remembers. Before then, he had been a promising young writer, fashionable for a while but then sliding out of favor in the volatile literary world of St. Petersburg. He had also heard and read enough about European socialism to become a parlor radical. He and approximately 60 other youthful idealists met regularly to discuss political matters, among them the emancipation of the serfs. Tsar Nicholas I learned of such seditious talk and decided to crack down. The suspected conspirators were arrested and, after a thorough investigation, roughly one-quarter of them, including Dostoevsky, were publicly sentenced to death. As orchestrated by Nicholas, the firing squad was called off at the last minute, with the first three victims already bound to their stakes. Dostoevsky learned that the Tsar had lightened his punishment to four years at hard labor and then an indefinite enlistment in the Russian army.



Dostoevsky: reprieved and pushed toward mysticism

Excerpt

“Almsgiving from the population reached a peak during the religious holidays, but it was continual all through the year, and sometimes took the form of money handed to the convicts as they shuffled through the streets of Omsk in a work convoy. The first time Dostoevsky received alms in this way was ‘soon after my arrival in prison.’ A ten-year-old girl—the daughter of a young soldier, who had seen Dostoevsky in the army hospital when she came to visit her dying father—passed him walking under escort and ran back to give him a coin. ‘There, poor unfortunate, take a kopek, for Christ’s sake,’ she cried, overtaking me and thrusting the coin in my hand. . . I treasured that kopek for a long time.’ This last assertion is literally true: Dostoevsky’s second wife confirms that he kept it as a memento for many years and was very upset when it was lost. . .”

The sudden reprieve from certain death understandably pushed Dostoevsky toward mysticism. “Life is a gift,” he wrote several hours after being spared, “life is happiness, every minute can be an eternity of happiness.” Life in a Siberian prison compound dampened such enthusiasm. His fellow inmates were chiefly peasants, the very people he had hoped to emancipate from the crushing system that enslaved them, but they turned out to be murderous, thieving, brawling brutes who detested him. Dostoevsky notes: “Their hatred for the gentry knew no bounds, and therefore they received us, the gentlemen, with hostility and malicious joy in our troubles. They would have eaten us alive, given the chance.”

Prison life meant bitterly cold winters, the loss of all written contact with relatives and friends, the abolition of privacy in the cramped sleeping quarters, and the constant threat of violence from both jailers and the jailed. This regimen did not break Dostoevsky; it inspired him to see himself and those around him in a strange new light. He had been the dupe of a foreign ideology, which had seduced him toward treason; the other convicts, beneath their horrid exteriors, manifested a beatific, instinctively Christian and compassionate Slavic soul. Writes Frank: “It has often been said that Dostoevsky discovered the ‘evil’ of human nature in the prison camp, and that this discovery frightened him into an acceptance of a supernatural faith as the sole bulwark of morality against the inherent corruption of mankind. . . If any discovery was made, it was rather exactly the opposite: Dostoevsky found that most of the peasant-convicts were far better people than he could possibly have believed at first.”

The author’s hard-won discovery of “diamonds in this filth” has given rise to another assumption that Frank would like to refute: “One often reads that, after a certain point, the distinction between right and wrong began to blur for Dostoevsky himself, and that he came to admire criminals for their ‘strength’ (as Stendhal had done earlier and Nietzsche was to do later).” Frank’s narrative and evidence prove that Dostoevsky’s long exile made him a fierce patriot and moralist, insistent that individual acts incur inescapable responsibility. It is only selected Western eyes that have seen the experimenting murderer Raskolnikov as the hero of a novel simply called *Crime*.

The picture of Dostoevsky emerging in Frank’s pages looks less and less like the avatar of existentialism; he was a sensitive, moody, deep intellect responding to tumultuous current events more than a

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century ago. And the best is yet to come. When Dostoevsky returned to St. Petersburg, late in 1859, he was approaching 40, mired in an unhappy marriage and faced with the task of building his literary reputation all over again. His great works were still years away. Biographer Frank, 65, a professor of comparative literature at Princeton, promises that the "third volume is in the final stages of revision, and should not take too long to appear after the publication of the present one." Given the fascinating story that has been spun so far, yesterday will not be soon enough.

—By Paul Gray

Wonder Boy

JED HARRIS: THE CURSE OF
GENIUS by Martin Gottfried
Little, Brown; 280 pages; \$19.95

George Abbott was so affronted by his chicanery over royalties that he refused to speak to him for the rest of his life. E.E. Cummings acted out a pantomime at a party, in his presence, that compared him to a cockroach. George S. Kaufman sardonically asked to be cremated after death so that the ashes could be flung in his face.

Jed Harris was a man of great gifts, none greater than his capacity to inspire bitter hatreds. He burst upon Broadway in the 1920s, a charismatic, rather sinister Yale dropout and former pressagent convinced that he could produce and direct plays better than anybody else. He seemed to be right. By the age of 28, Harris had four hits running in the same year, including *The Royal Family* and *The Front Page*; he was earning \$40,000 a week and was acclaimed as the Wonder Boy of Broadway. "His self-belief was hypnotic," said playwright S.N. Behrman, who got his start working for Harris. "He simply knew he was destined for mastery." The legend, said another contemporary playwright, "threw a shadow across the theater that endured for 50 years and no one escaped it."

His eye for scripts and performers was acute, his ideas often bold and original, and his eloquence—imparted in a notorious whisper that seemed to compel attention—galvanizing. "I never heard anyone talk about the theater with the intelligence and the excitement and the interest that that man had," said Lillian Gish, who returned from Hollywood to star in Harris' 1930 staging of *Uncle Vanya*. He brought off such notable productions as *The Green Bay Tree* (1933), *Our Town*, in its world premiere (1938) and *The Heiress* (1947).

But, as Biographer Martin Gottfried writes, he also seemed driven to direct people's lives, to browbeat or seduce them, to call them in the middle of the night, commandeer their households or tear up their contracts when it suited him. Moss Hart testified that the prayer of ev-

ery aspiring playwright was, "Please God, let Jed Harris do my play." Nevertheless, with playwrights from Ben Hecht to Thornton Wilder, he imposed marathon revisions and usually ended by demanding a co-author credit and half the royalties. When he directed Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* in 1953, he responded to an out-of-town audience's calls for the author by going onstage and taking a bow.

Moments before a nervous Laurence Olivier made his entrance in *The Green Bay Tree*, on opening night, Harris said to him backstage, "Goodbye, Larry. I hope I never see you again." (Olivier would later model his stage and screen characterizations of the monstrous Richard III on Harris. "I thought of the most venal person I knew," he said.) After actress Margaret Sullivan, one of the many women in Harris' life, married Film Director William Wyler, Harris phoned their house and whispered to Wyler, "You're a weak, untalented man married to a woman who is in love with me."

Gottfried, a former drama critic for *Women's Wear Daily*, has his own acute eye for the revealing anecdote and the scurrilous item. Much of his book amounts to a history of the theater from the '20s through the '40s. On psychology he is less secure; Harris' compulsions are tentatively explained away as an unconscious desire for revenge on the family he loathed and as an "overreaction to anti-Semitism. Harris, born Jacob Horowitz, had three marriages, all of them miserable. His second produced a daughter, to whom he paid scant notice, and Actress Ruth Gordon bore him an illegitimate son, to whom he paid even less ("What are you doing," he once barked when the teen-age boy approached him in a theater lobby after a two-year separation, "following me!").

The Heiress was the director's last hit. His friend and fellow producer Jean Dalmryple described him when he was 49 as



Jed Harris directing
Ego, prompted by sheer passion.

Books

"a man who had been Jed Harris." He lived for another 30 years, finagling deals that he had little intention of following up, personifying arrogance while bouncing checks and being kicked out of hotels. Shortly before his death in 1979, he showed up at the California home of Judith Anderson, another old romance, characteristically proposing to move in with her and work on his "books." She sent him away, appalled by the "dirty, broken old drunk" he had become.

Noël Coward, reminiscing about Harris in 1937, admired his skills and charm but added: "I couldn't help wondering how long it would be before Jed's ego, prompted by sheer passion, ate up every scrap of him." As Gottfried's diverting, if shallow, account shows, few people were as perceptive as Coward. Most spotted the self-destruction later: Harris never did.

—By Christopher Porterfield

Child Sacrifice

TALES FROM THE SECRET ANNEX

by Anne Frank

Doubleday, 136 pages, \$14.95

In spite of everything, I still believe that people are really good at heart." Anne Frank's final words in the play that bears her name seem to belie her fate. She died at 15 in the Bergen-Belsen death camp. Was she merely expressing the naive wishes of a child? What could such an adolescent comprehend of the world?

As her surviving papers prove, the tremulous girl knew all too well the lessons of degradation and inhumanity. But if she was acquainted with the night, she refused to turn her back on the consolations of nature, learning and love. The proof resides in Anne Frank's *Tales from the Secret Annex*, a group of stories, fables, essays and reminiscences that she kept in a private journal. Though some of these works were previously published in her native Dutch, they are making their first appearances in hard cover, sympathetically translated by Ralph Manheim and Michel Mok.

The arrival is long overdue. To be sure, among these entries are minor and childish writings: a recollection of having cheated in a math exam, an unsuccessful attempt at light verse. But most of the 30 pieces show a heartbreaking potential. For Anne, nuances are crucial and all experiences are carefully assayed, even those that come in the Franks' pitiable Amsterdam refuge behind a wall, temporarily safe from the Nazis. Occasionally she succumbs to depression, and a line concentrates the tragedy of her people: "To be interrupted just as you are thinking of a glorious future!" Yet Anne's mind is too agile and her imagination too febrile for enduring self-pity.

In *Dreams of Movie Stardom* she constructs a Hollywood that never was, where the '30s stars Lola, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane invite her to join them. Like Kafka's Amerika, Anne's New



Anne Frank, left, at play in Amsterdam

Pieces that show a heartbreaking potential.

World is a fanciful arena of high-speed miracles; within days she becomes a photographer's model. But the attendant publicity and the rigors of studio assignments prove unendurable: in the end Anne is happy to fly back to Holland. After all, she notes ruefully, "I had had a close look at the way celebrities live."

Jack boots sound in the streets, and fear is so palpable it can be tasted in the evening soup, but Anne spends a day worrying about the pathological Dutch dislike of nudity. In *The Sink of Iniquity* she protests, "Modesty and prudishness can go too far. Do you put clothes on flowers when you pick them? I don't think we're so very different from nature. Why should we be ashamed of the way nature has dressed us?"

It is in the fables that the young author's gifts are best displayed, as if confinement had forced her to think in brief, ironic parables. In *Blurry, the Explorer*, a bear cub ventures into a human city and becomes the intimate—and the quarry—of dogs, cars and people. At last he returns to his mother: "I wanted to discover the world," he explains. "And did you discover it?" "No, no... not really; you see, I couldn't find it!" In *Eve's Dream*, plants display a variety of personalities, as they do in the tales of Andersen and Grimm. The rose turns out to be a miserable beauty with a catty voice. The chestnut is strong but egotistical: "The trees and flowers know this. When they are in trouble they go to the sympathetic pine."

There is, of course, no way to determine what kind of writer Anne Frank might have become. Child sacrifice is a tragedy beyond words, and it scarcely matters whether a genius or an ordinary citizen perished in the Holocaust. It is only certain that her final volume is a testimony to a green talent and a mature spirit. Each page refreshingly repeats the invaluable moral lesson of her diary: if it is implausible to bid farewell to anguish, it is impossible to close the book on hope.

—By Stefan Kanfer

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Isabelle Huppert: sugar and steel

Woman Talk

ENTRE NOUS

Directed and Written by Diane Kurys

Here's a generalization to ponder: American movies are male; French films are female. Hollywood has strutting moguls and its smile-when-you-call-me-an-artist directors. And the virtues it has traditionally valued are masculine ones: energy, efficiency, power, animus, each melodramatic plot resolved with a sock to the jaw. From French films one has come to expect delicacy, grace, comradely tenderness, a ruminative intelligence. Their directors seem to inhabit an exalted sorority where girlish high spirits, sage whispers and rueful endearments reverberate in the hallways. So leave it to French Film Maker Diane Kurys to devise, in *Entre Nous*, a bittersweet domestic epic that reconciles feminism with femininity.

In personal as well as international relations, wartime France created odd alliances and fierce resistance. Lena (Isabelle Huppert), a Belgian Jew, emerged from an internment camp with her sad-sack husband Michel (Guy Marchand) and a handmade marital straitjacket. Madeleine (Miu Miu) saw her glamorous first husband die from enemy gunfire in the town square, then fell into a pleasureless marriage with a slimy hustler named Costa (Jean-Pierre Bacri). By 1952, when most of *Entre Nous* takes place, each woman is eager to escape the emotional claustrophobia of cooking the meals, chaperoning the children, counterfeiting passion as Monsieur Wrong rolls toward her in bed. To the anger and chagrin of their husbands, Lena and Madeleine find that ecstatic escape in each other's souls.

Entre Nous looks at its characters

with an acute bifocal vision. The women are modern feminist figures marooned in the stay-at-home '50s; the men's attitudes, sympathetic at the time, have a touch of the Neanderthal about them today. Kurys's achievement is to be both critical and understanding about both periods and all four people. Is Lena a brave enough revolutionary to open her own boutique? Then she will be stern enough to parade her indifference before Michel. Is he a jealous brute who will beat his wife and try to demolish her store? Yes—and he will plead with Lena (in the film's most affecting scene) to help him reconstruct his fantasy of a happy marriage. Does Madeleine have every right to desert the sleazy Costa? Of course—but in doing so she follows her star, at least temporarily, right out of Lena's life.

There is one more question—Do these loving women become lovers?—that Kurys, with a discretion worthy of the '50s, allows the viewer's imagination to answer. Her direction of two terrific actresses is just as discreet and telling. Huppert, too often the ice maiden of French movies (*The Lacemaker*, *Loulou*), merges sugar and steel to embody the superior, frustrated Lena. In her face and gestures, Miu Miu finds reasons for each of Madeleine's enigmatic quirks. Marchand is splendid too: he can trip over his feelings or break the viewer's heart with equal dexterity. At film's end Kurys reveals that Marchand and Huppert are playing the director's own parents, 30 troubled years ago. Autobiography is often the excuse for retrospective vindictiveness, but Kurys is too mixed in her sympathies, too talented at her craft, to harbor such notions. She knows that filming well is the best revenge.

—By Richard Corliss

Lady in the Dark

CONFIDENTIALLY YOURS

Directed by François Truffaut
Screenplay by François Truffaut,
Suzanne Schiffman and Jean Aurel

Murder, adultery, more murder: an innocent man with a guilty look about his actions; a beautiful secretary who believes in him when everyone else has him tried and convicted; a wise private eye and a less than canny police inspector. Neon lights, inky shadows, rain glistening on the dark streets, an odd moment or two devoted to tough-guy philosophizing.

Confidentially Yours looks at first like François Truffaut's nostalgic tribute to that signature genre of the 1940s, the film noir. It figures, as Bogie might say in one of those murky oldies. After all, it was the French who named the style, and Truffaut is a director with an affectionate regard for the movies' past glories and a flair for paying them homage.



Fanny Ardant: a grownup Nancy Drew

But he is too good a director to content himself with mere mannerism. In adapting Charles Williams' 1962 thriller *The Long Saturday Night*, he and his co-writers have done more than change the setting from Alabama to the Côte d'Azur. They have also shifted the balance of the narrative. The central figure is no longer the male victim of a plot to make him take the rap for several murders. In the role of this unlucky real estate agent, Jean-Louis Trintignant must content himself with moping about and rather churlishly criticizing the brisk, brave and far-darting efforts of Barbara, his secretary, to clear his name. It is a disciplined, selfless performance.

Fanny Ardant as his office helpmate is a wonder. Leggy and sensible, with a knowing yet modest air, she puts one in mind of a grownup Nancy Drew, though Nancy was never required to pose as a prostitute in order to crack a case. Ardant literally wears the trench coat in this picture, and dangerous activities come with the wardrobe. But a subtly knowing wit betokens pleasure in the ironies of role reversal.

It is not misplaced. In the old noirs, women were mostly seen as black widow spiders, luring the wimpish male toward his doom. Placing a new, healthy vision of female strength in the old context is a beguiling notion. Not that Truffaut lingers over his cleverness in providing recall with a subtlety. Mostly he is concerned with driving his vehicle along at a great pace, so that no one notices the occasional knocks in the engine or the potholes in the plot. With help from his cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, who perfectly captures the sleazy artiness of those long-ago B pictures, Truffaut runs the course with splendid panache. *Confidentially Yours* is a smart entertainment, especially for those with a long and indulgent movie memory.

—By Richard Schickel

Show Business

Viewing a Farce from Behind

The comedy hit *Noises Off* is a triumph of slapstick choreography

Each night at 10:45, crowds stream out of Broadway's Brooks Atkinson Theater limp and disheveled, gasping for breath and wiping their eyes. Much as they may appear to be fleeing tear gas or a smoke bomb, these people are in fact the happy victims of a very different kind of explosion. They have just spent more than two hours howling and guffawing at *Noises Off*, the farce by Britain's Michael Frayn that is the comedy hit of the season. The show recounts the misadventures of a troupe of fifth-rate actors as they perform a sex farce titled *Nothing On* during a fleabag provincial tour. The plot of *Nothing On* involves a ditzzy maid in an English country house, a wayward plate of sardines, an illicit couple, a licit couple dodging the taxman, a sheik and a bibulous burglar. Doors slam (the set contains seven of them) and trousers drop with dizzying abandon.

In theater parlance, noises off refers to commotion in the wings. In Frayn's play, the noises off are the backstage yelps and battle cries of the actors, who are entangled in a sex farce of their own. Frayn's most novel stroke is to set his second act behind the scenes at a performance of *Nothing On*. While the players on the far side of the scenery invisibly sing out their lines, those on the near side conduct a frenzied pantomime with a wine bottle, a cactus plant, bouquets of flowers, a fireman's ax, shoelaces tied together and assorted other slapstick paraphernalia. It is a *pas de neuf* so ingeniously choreographed that the antics in the back-to-back farces coincide precisely, while lines of dialogue interlock in mid-air.

The idea for *Noises Off* occurred to Frayn, 50, a well-known British farceur and satirist, one night in 1970 as he stood in the wings of a London theater watching a performance of a quick-change, arms-flapping farce he had written for Lynn Redgrave and Richard Briers. "It was funnier from behind than in front," recalls Frayn, "and I thought, 'One day I must write a farce from behind.'"

When he finally got around to it, the play cost him a year of agonizing effort. "I didn't know if actors would even be able to perform it," says Frayn. "If I could have thought of a way to write a program for the second act, I would have learned to use a computer. Instead, I just had to try

to remember where all nine actors and all the characters in *Nothing On* were at every moment. I often felt that I had come to the end of the bytes in my brain, that I had exceeded the capacity of my memory store."

When he could fiddle with it no more, Frayn sent a copy of *Noises Off* to his friend Michael Blakemore, an



Whitehead, Loudon, Murray, Thorson (with ax) and Garber on the set. Bruises, splinters, broken toes and keeping the third car out.

Australian-born director who had staged Frayn's 1980 comedy *Make and Break* as well as several notable productions at Britain's National Theater. Blakemore came up with such good suggestions for staging that Frayn rewrote most of the play. It worked. *Noises Off* opened sensationally in London two years ago and has been playing to packed houses ever since.

The physically demanding farce, however, has already exhausted two sets of actors and is currently wearing down a third. Blakemore rehearsed two of the three London casts and so was well prepared when he arrived in New York to train the Broadway team for a December opening. He brought his whistle. Says he:

"Once the rehearsal for the second act gets started, there is terrific noise on one side of the backdrop and tremendous physical energy on the other. It is like a motor car out of control and very hard to bring to a stop, so I have to use a whistle."

The Broadway players were suitably daunted by the exacting precision of Blakemore's instructions and Frayn's stage directions (the script for the second act has two columns to describe the simultaneous goings-on of the two farces). Says Actress Deborah Rush, who plays a spaced-out tax auditor in *Nothing On*: "They knew just how many breaths were required between the opening and closing of a door." Brian Murray, the beleaguered director of *Nothing On*, recalls that just before rehearsals began, "Michael Blakemore called us together and told us that in two weeks we'd wish we were dead."

In the second act, the play-within-a-play is like a metro-nome. Says Paxton Whitehead, who plays the dithery tax dodger of *Nothing On*: "Everything in the front of the set is timed to the voices in the back. We always have to have the third car out." Murray recalls one occasion when Victor Garber, portraying a lecherous real estate agent in *Nothing On*, inadvertently placed the prop wine bottle two inches away from its appointed spot. "This meant that Douglas Seale [the pixilated burglar] couldn't reach it. Doug brushed it, knocked it over. I reached for it, fumbled it and dropped it between us. We're talking a couple of inches, but that's crucial. The audience is suspended on a tightrope with us. If we stop, they lose their involvement."

The comic havoc of *Noises Off* means peril at every step for the actors. Says Garber, who somersaults down a flight of stairs into a pratfall every night: "I still say a little prayer each time I begin." Dorothy Loudon, the maid in *Nothing On*, has lost 25 lbs., suffered two broken toes and two bruised ribs, and has a trachea infection from the strain on her voice. "I'm so black and blue I haven't worn a dress for weeks," she says. Linda Thorson, whose *Nothing On* role is the tax dodger's wife, has lost 10 lbs. Virtually all the cast have cuts, bruises or splinters to show for their pains, and Seale, 70, has developed bursitis in his knee. Whitehead sums up the experience by telling the story of a man who went to visit Edmund Gwenn as the vintage actor languished on his deathbed. "It must be hard, very hard, Ed," the friend offered. "It is." Gwenn replied, "But not as hard as farce." And not nearly as funny. —By Denise Worrell.

Reported by Elaine Dutka

Education

Blowing the Whistle on Johnny

If he can't read, says a Texan, why let him play ball?

The \$6.1 million football stadium in Odessa, Texas, rises Mecca-like above the flatlands. It has seating for 19,032 people, parking for 4,756 cars, and boasts a press box and a booth for coaches. The playing field, 18 ft. below ground level, is topped with AstroTurf. This stadium was not designed for the Cowboys or the Oilers. It is for two high school teams: the Permian Panthers and their crosstown rivals, the Odessa Bronchos. The head coach at Permian earns \$43,000 a year, a whole lot more than the average Permian teacher's salary of about \$24,500. Says Charles Broughton, principal of Permian High: "Some communities choose to build a \$10 million library or a \$20 million civic center. This community

are about the only place in the public school system where we demand excellence from our children."

It is a complaint that is widely echoed. Across the country, school boards are tightening up on extracurricular activities. For the past year, Los Angeles has had a regulation requiring a C average and no failing grades for students participating in any nonacademic activities. Says School Board Member Rita Walters: "We had to reinforce the academic mission of the schools." The Prince George's County, Md., board of education last year also introduced the C-average rule. The Idaho board of education decided last October that a student who misses more than 10% of classes because of extracurricular

ers because of poor academic performance. The 21-member band was wiped out when 14 students could not maintain a C average and seven had one or more F's. Says Barry Brown, director of athletics and varsity football at Hollywood High: "The rule has killed our program, and it's killed the spirit of the school."

Nowhere, though, does cutting back on sports and other activities strike deeper in the heart than in Texas. Perot has already scored a few points in his fight to put extracurriculars in a supporting role. The state's University Interscholastic League, which governs school extracurricular activities, has passed guidelines permitting students in programs such as tennis and golf to miss no more than ten days of school a year in order to compete in tournaments. The dapper Texan wants much more. Classes, he says, should be held year-round with short seasonal breaks, and extracurricular activities should be restricted to the end of the day and be only for students in good academic standing. Also advocated by Perot: a thorough grounding in math, science and literature, and the building of a core curriculum. Says he: "It's very important that we don't turn out technological robots who confuse data and wisdom." Perot, who is chairman of Electronic Data Systems Corp., a computer-services firm, has won the support of Texas' leading businessmen, largely because of his assertion that a better-educated work force will strengthen the state's economy.

But he is becoming very unpopular in a state where football is an obsession. Athletic Director Charles Qualls of Mesquite insists, "If you remove athletics, I'm afraid you will lose a lot of kids out of school." Tim Edwards, a Fort Worth coach, points out that Perot sent his children to private schools. He says, "Here comes a guy in his Learjet saying it's athletics that is the problem in our schools. He doesn't see how it prepares students to be well-rounded people." Meeting in Dallas with state coaches last week, Perot chided: "It is like saying if a boy is not on the team, he'll be out robbing 7-Eleven stores."

One of Perot's suggestions is winning applause: more money must be paid to teachers. At Round Rock High, about 20 miles from Austin, the average teacher's salary is \$17,000 (the football coach makes \$44,000). One teacher who has taught business at Round Rock for more than a decade has decided to quit. Says she: "An injustice is being done here. People are yelling and screaming about our football record, and meanwhile Johnny still can't do simple math or English exercises." Perot is equally adamant that too much play makes Johnny a dull student. "It's a question of priorities," he says. "We will still have athletic teams, we will still have bands, but these won't be the forces that drive education." —By *Ellie McGrath*

Reported by *Leslie Cusley/Odessa*



Perot, left, and Governor White listen to a coach at a meeting on school problems in Dallas

A crusade to put money into academics instead of AstroTurf.

chose to build a sports complex for its young people. A winning football team and a strong academic program are not mutually exclusive."

H. Ross Perot, 53, a Texan who has earned millions from the computer industry, disagrees. After loudly criticizing Texas schools' obsession with football, marching bands and baton twirling, he has been named by Governor Mark White to head a committee to try to reform public schools in Texas. It is likely to be an uphill struggle. Texas students spend an average of one hour a night on academic studies and as much as 15 to 20 hours a week on extracurricular activities. At least 600 of the state's 1,100 districts allocate all of their local school revenues to extracurricular activities, leaving the state to pay for academic costs. Complains Perot: "Extracurricular activities

activities will be marked as absent from school. In Milwaukee a student is denied participation in nonacademic activities after four unexcused absences from school; in Minneapolis activities are ruled out for students who fail more than two courses. Even colleges are concerned: the National Collegiate Athletic Association (N.C.A.A.) considered a resolution at its annual meeting this month that would have allowed university presidents to set higher academic standards for athletes.

In some communities students have endorsed these restrictions. Says Troy Bell, vice president of the Maryland Association of Student Councils: "The rule will put an accent on academics." But in other districts the new rules have brought a lot of boos. In Los Angeles, the Hollywood High School football team has lost all but two of its 38 returning varsity play-

Environment

Pouring Oil on Troubled Waters

The new Interior chief launches a policy of compromise

When the ugly tide of black oil fouled the white beaches around Santa Barbara, Calif., in 1969, killing untold numbers of birds, seals and fish, few people were more appalled than William Clark. A top aide to then California Governor Ronald Reagan, Clark closely watched the progress of the multimillion-dollar cleanup that followed the oil-rig blowout, one of the worst environmental disasters in U.S. history. Today, as successor to the divisive James Watt in the post of Secretary of the Interior, Clark likes to recall that calamitous experience to let environmentalists know that he shares their concerns about the dangers of drilling for oil off America's shores.

Such reassurances, however cosmetic, are all the more welcome after a Supreme Court decision this month that sent jitters through the ranks of state and environmental officials in coastal areas. By a 5-to-4 vote, the tribunal ruled that the Federal Government can ignore the objections of affected states at the time the Interior Department offers oil- or gas-drilling leases on the continental shelf, the sloping underwater strip of land at a continent's edge. The Federal Government has traditionally controlled all drilling on the shelf beyond three miles, except off Texas and Florida, which maintain a ten-mile jurisdiction.*

The decision, written by Associate Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, involves 29 tracts, totaling 165,000 acres, in the Santa Maria basin off the California coast between Morro Bay and Point Conception, northwest of Santa Barbara. Geologists have estimated there may be as much as 1 billion bbl. of oil in the entire basin. The sections had initially been freed up for lease by the Interior Department in 1981. But California managed to block the proposed arrangement on the ground that the Interior Department had refused to determine whether the leasing met the state's stringent environmental standards. In the new ruling, the court, overturning lower-court decisions, held that an environmental review is not required before an actual sale under the Coastal Zone Management Act of 1972, a congressional law that gives states a voice in offshore oil development by the Federal Government.

The decision was a victory for the Reagan Administration and oil interests. Both

have been seeking quicker access to the vast wealth of the continental shelf, an estimated 44 billion bbl. of oil, nearly half again as much as all proven reserves. (The U.S. gets about 10% of its domestic production from offshore wells.) However, Clark immediately moved to reassure the coastal states and environmentalists. Under his stewardship, he said, the Interior Department will seek to avoid the battling that characterized the offshore-leasing program in the past, even while it continues to pursue essentially the same pro-development policies as those of his predecessor. Said Clark: "We can work as partners."

That will not be easy. Although no major offshore-well blowouts have occurred

of the outer shelf, a total of a billion acres, in five years. He offered up huge tracts (as much as 40 million acres at a time) and cut the period between announcement of a lease to actual sale from 42 months to 22 months. Reacting to this steamroller, the states fought back with delaying tactics and a gusher of lawsuits. The result: a stalemate that held off some drilling and, not incidentally, hurt the Treasury (offshore leasing is its biggest source of revenue after taxes). As Elizabeth Raisbeck, an offshore oil specialist for the Friends of the Earth, saw it, "It was a leasing program out of control."

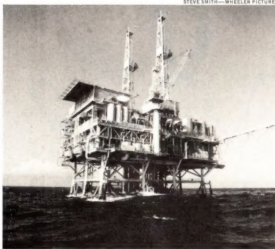
When he succeeded Watt last November, the more judicious Clark, who in fact was a California Supreme Court justice from 1973 to 1981, promptly removed the two Interior officials most closely identified with Watt's leasing policies. He postponed indefinitely two bitterly fought sales: one in Southern California, scheduled for April, the other in the Georges

Bank, to have been held in May. Environmental concerns, he added in a speech following the Supreme Court decision, would be addressed as early as possible in the leasing process. He also promised that offshore tracts of little interest to the oil industry but of great environmental value would not be nominated for leasing. The Clark view, said an Interior official, is "Why buy an unnecessary fight?"

One of Reagan's most trusted political advisers, Clark is eager to repair the President's image in an election year. Indeed, he has already sent a number of small fence-mending signals to the environmental community. Reversing a Watt policy, he offered the National Wildlife Federation hitherto-refused federal data on the amount of poisonous lead shot that duck hunters inadvertently scatter into lakes and ponds. With that gesture, he buried the hatchet with the large

conservation group in the U.S. Clark also promised that he would end the moratorium imposed by Watt on acquiring new land for the national parks and wildlife refuges, a major irritant to outdoor groups, to say nothing of Congress, which had voted \$157 million for the purchases. Finally, he has been passing the peace pipe at private meetings with key environmental leaders like the Wildlife Federation's Jay D. Hair and William Turnage, head of the Wilderness Society. As Clark has made plain, however, in the matter of offshore leasing as well as other conservation issues, the fundamental tenets of Reagan's controlled leasing program will remain unchanged. Still, as the conciliatory Clark put it in summing up his policy, "There should be no winners or losers."

—By Frederic Golden.
Reported by Jay Branagan/Washington and William R. Doerner/San Francisco



Chevron oil rig on federal leasehold in Santa Barbara Channel
The Administration's view: "Why buy an unnecessary fight?"

in U.S. waters since the Santa Barbara accident, and the technology for plugging an out-of-control well has vastly improved, environmentalists are worried that chronic, low-level oil pollution could be devastating to such rich fishing grounds as the Georges Bank off New England. They also fear that drill rigs off Alaska, a site of suspected major reserves, could be wrecked by errant ice floes, spreading crude oil over the fragile Arctic terrain.

Under Watt, many of these concerns were either ignored or minimized. Interior officials liked to point out that natural underwater seeps off California's Coal Oil Point, near Santa Barbara, alone released at least four times as much oil as the 5,700 bbl. spilled annually in offshore production within U.S. waters. In July 1981, as a matter of highest national priority, Watt announced a program to lease nearly all

*Citing as precedent their history as former Spanish territories that exerted control to a distance of three leagues, or about ten miles.

Sexes

The Comeback of Womanly Wiles

A feminist writes about the return of femininity

Even her critics concede that Susan Brownmiller's timing is impeccable. In 1975, at the height of the feminist fusillade against male power, she brought out *Against Our Will*, a bestselling study of rape. Now, after five years of effort, she has written *Femininity* (Linden Press/Simon & Schuster; \$14.95), an ambivalent lament about the resurgence of feminine wiles at a time of lower expectations for women. "It was very hard not to appear to be a misogynist while writing this book," she says. "I was called a man hater for writing the rape book, and now, oh God, people are going to think I'm against women."

Brownmiller's thesis, somewhat reluctantly broached, is that femininity ("a nostalgic tradition of imposed limitations") is making a comeback because of the fierce competition among women for men and jobs. "Men are in shorter supply than ever," she says. "The rise of the gay male population has been extraordinary, and it has left a reservoir of desperate women." New York City, for example, has about 500,000 more females than males, as well as a male homosexual population estimated at 300,000 to 400,000. "This is something we never envisioned in the feminist movement," says Brownmiller. "We thought we could collect our grievances and present them to men. Fifteen years later the men aren't there, and there is no one to listen to the complaints."

Women are responding to this pressure, she writes, in a familiar pre-feminist way: limiting their expectations, deferring to men and spending much time and treasure on fashion and cosmetics. "Whenever life and liberty get too tough for women, they resort to the age-old strategy of survival," she says with a cheerless laugh. "If you don't hold the cards, you have to be more careful, more sensitive to what goes on at the table, and you have to know how to bluff."

Brownmiller, 48, is a veteran journalist and a founder of the 7,000-member Women Against Pornography, which aims to outlaw porn on the ground that it debases women and can lead to rape. Brownmiller says that she grew up devoted to the arts of femininity, flirtatiously practicing cute eye rolls and nose crinkling in front of a mirror; for years she placed herself "in permanent bondage to Elizabeth Arden." Feminism changed her mind about all this, and by the mid-'70s, Brownmiller had stopped wearing dresses and skirts, abandoned perfume

and makeup and given up shaving her legs. "If the evidence had to be wiped out on sight," she writes of body hair, "a proper female body shouldn't be growing the stuff at all." Like many other feminists, she came to see corsets as a way of containerizing the female body for the satisfaction of males.

Still, the trappings of femininity proved hard to eradicate. Writes Brownmiller: "Women are all female impersonators to some degree." She still sucks in her



stomach when passing a group of construction workers and automatically settles into a sofa with a kittenish curl. After some hesitation, she decided to dye the gray of her hair, and now bleaches her legs to avoid looking peculiar on the beach. She writes: "I wonder if I'm the only woman in the world who puts color into the hair on her head while she takes color out of the hair on her legs in order to appear feminine enough for convention." When the no-shaving ethic overtook feminism, "I saw the emergence of several bearded women. Peach fuzz, really, . . . but nonetheless a ground cover of surprising, dense growth. I was shocked and wished they would do something about it . . ."

Chapter by chapter, Brownmiller ticks off the codes that govern feminine

behavior in such categories as body, hair, clothes, voice, movement and emotion. The book points out that physiology can sometimes influence function: small, light bones and agile fingers give women a greater aptitude for such traditional work as weaving, sewing, knitting, making pottery, sowing, planting and weeding, she writes. Men's bodies are more fit for "clearing the land and breaking the soil." A woman's hand makes a poor fighting fist, she writes, but is good for the assembly of small parts, exacting kitchen chores, film editing, secretarial work and neurosurgery.

Apart from the obvious physical disparities between men and women ("on the average, the difference in pitch between men's and women's voices is almost a full octave"), Brownmiller writes from the implied premise that there are no significant natural differences between the sexes. Therefore it follows that femininity is a social construct, built on top of femaleness in response to conditions in a man's world. To Brownmiller, femininity is "an exquisite esthetic . . . in essence a romantic sentiment." For her that includes such traditional female attributes as need for protection, the willingness to avoid conflict, unpredictability, giving way to tears at moments of emotion and even manners. "The charge that feminists have no manners is true," she writes. Reason: feminine manners are a codified way for the weak to supplicate the strong.

Brownmiller is mournful but chipper about the return of femininity. "You could say this book is written in a feminine style," she says, "fashionably thin and slender, filled with sparkling sentences. The rape book was written in a masculine style: I marshaled all the evidence and sent out the panzer divisions. A West Coast feminist called the other day and complained that there is no call to arms at the end of this book, but you can't call out the troops against an esthetic."

Against Our Will outraged many readers, particularly because of one line that blamed all men for the persistence of rape. Sexual assault, Brownmiller contended, is "a conscious process of intimidation by which all men keep all women in a state of fear." That sentence, she now concedes, was carelessly written. What she meant to say is that all men benefit from the action of rapists, because rape makes all women fearful and less likely to challenge men. Her new book contains no villains. Women who adopt a feminine style are simply trapped and cannot be condemned. "It occurred to me while writing the book," she says wistfully, "that feminism is not for everyone."

—By John Leo



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